

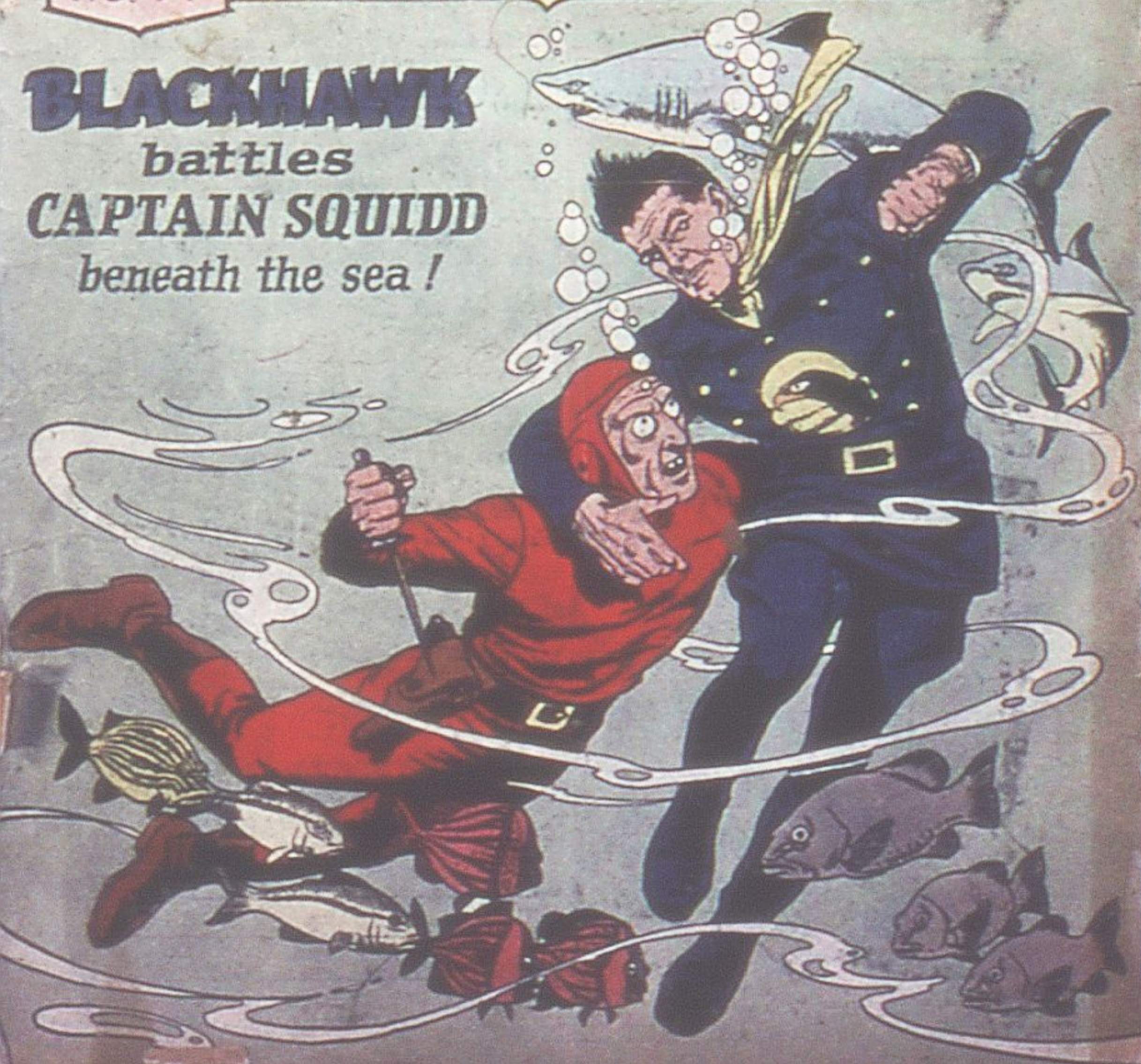
MODERN

COMICS

JUNE
NO. 74

10¢

BLACKHAWK
battles
CAPTAIN SQUIDD
beneath the sea!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEAT *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Controlled by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Street St., Buffalo, N.Y.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!

KEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD!

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! COME FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!

SAYS DAD... THE COACH

WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!

I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!

Big 14 x 16 in.

Steel Ball Moves in Play

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and winning technique of amateur games! Let's play... it's the best of the best... more ball... more loaded! You are the last man up with 1 ball and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you swing a homer or whiff the batter? Here he darts! Batter must be sharp to "see" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at home plate. He launches the fire points, when he least expects it or wishes for. The play of the game packs every minute full of surprising thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big rubber frame, practically built.

Special Price! If you are taking one out for your home or the special premium price of \$3.00, shipping with it's extra long-life (battery) battery, only \$2.50. Or, if you prefer, you \$2.00 and we will pay the postage and collect on delivery.

\$3.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
481 Street St., Buffalo, N.Y.

3.00	2.50	
Amount	Shipping	Postage

C.O.D. Send \$1. Postage collect on delivery.

Name: _____ Age: _____

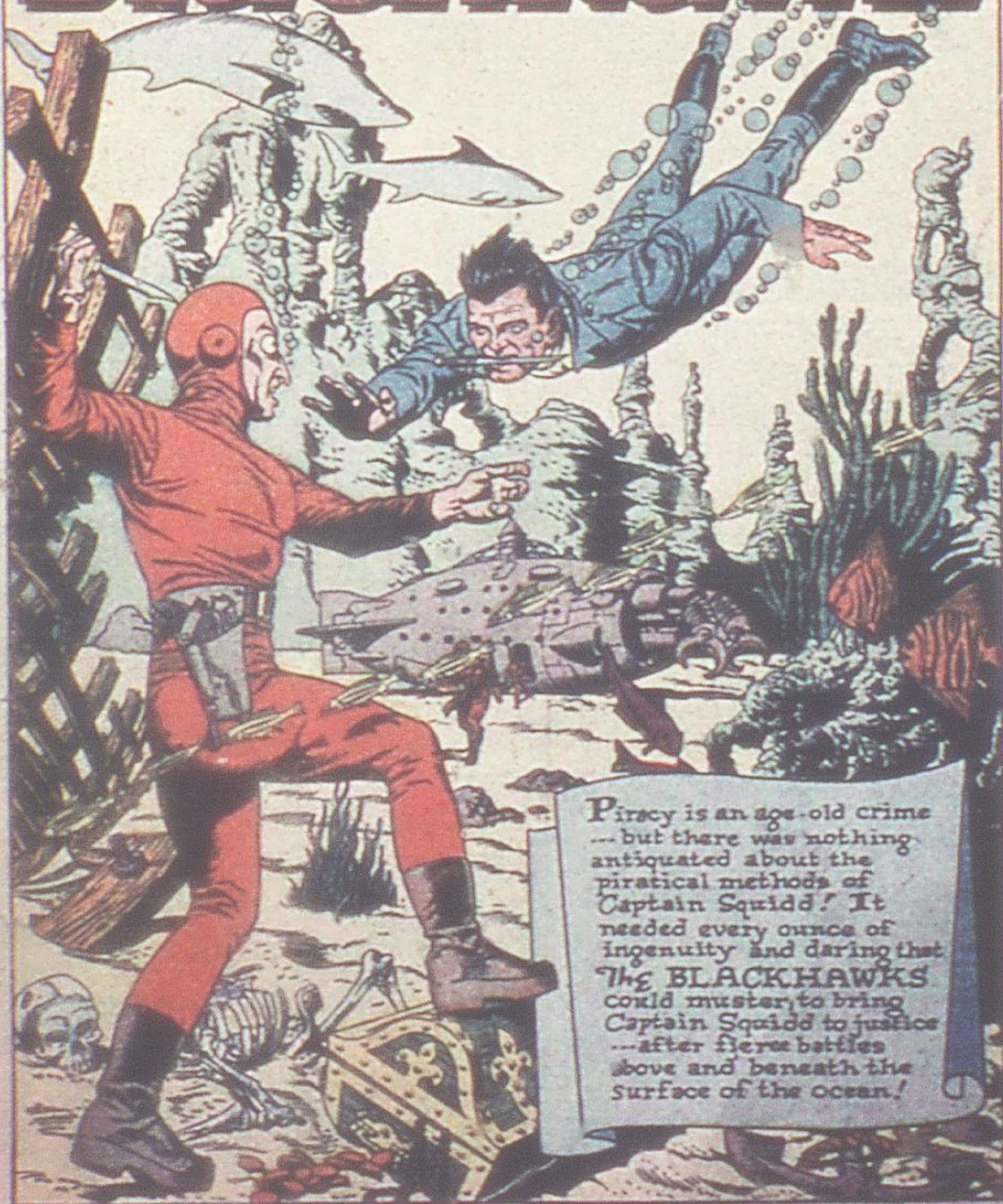
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OUTS RECORDER **UNIQUE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS** **LONG LIFE BATTERY** **LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY**

SEE BATTER PORTHOLE

Blackhawk



Piracy is an age-old crime
—but there was nothing
antiquated about the
piratical methods of
Captain Squidd! It
needed every ounce of
ingenuity and daring that
The BLACKHAWKS
could muster to bring
Captain Squidd to justice
—after fierce battles
above and beneath the
surface of the ocean!

As the tramp steamer SS Clementine crosses the Equator, her crewmen amuse themselves with the traditional ceremony of tribute to King Neptune...

THAT DISGUISE DOESN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE CHIEF ENGINEER MCWHUSTLE, IN SPITE OF THE BEARD... GLUB!

HOOT, LADDIE! BEFORE YE CAN BE A SON OF NEPTUNE, YE MUST BE SHAVED AND DUCKED IN YON BARREL!



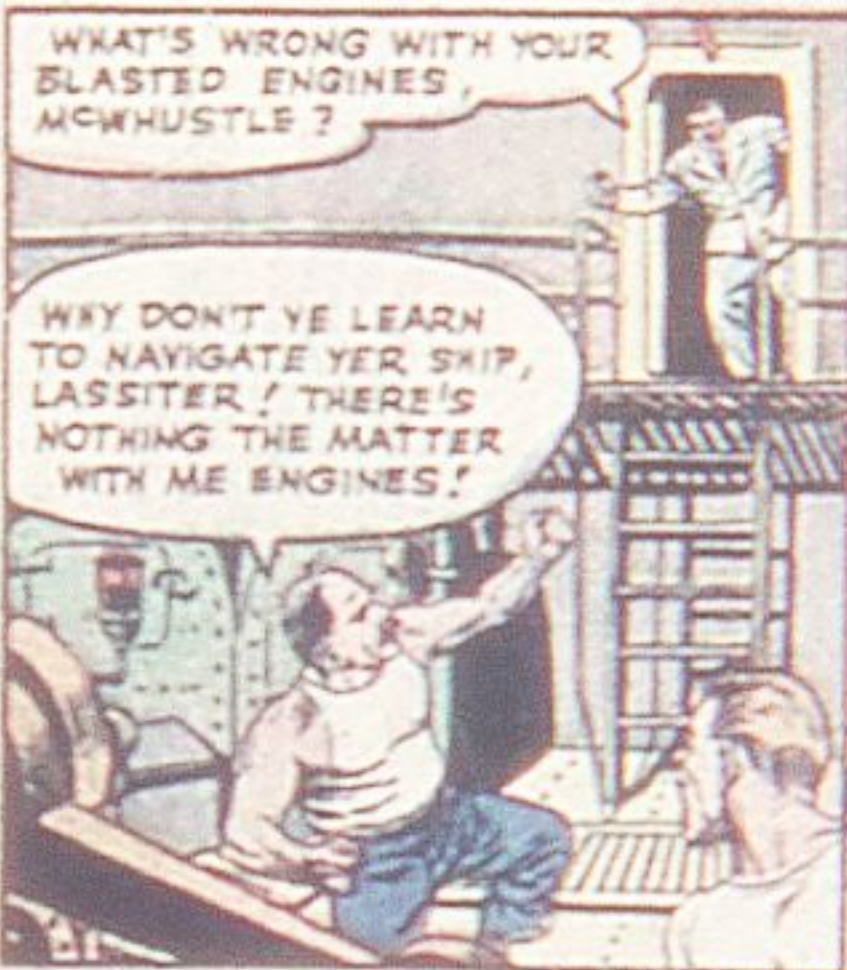
HOOT, MON! WE'RE AGROUND ON A REEF!

THERE ARE NO REEFS IN THESE PARTS! BACK TO YOUR ENGINE ROOM, MCWHUSTLE... EVERYBODY STAND BY FOR AN EMERGENCY!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR BLASTED ENGINES, MCWHUSTLE?

WHY DON'T YE LEARN TO NAVIGATE YER SHIP, LASSITER! THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME ENGINES!



NO HARD FEELINGS, CAPN! BUT THE ENGINES ARE DOING FINE!

I KNOW THAT, MAC... WE'VE BEEN SHIPMATES TOO LONG TO QUARREL! THERE ARE NO REEFS IN THESE PARTS... YET WE'RE STUCK!



WE SHOULD BE MAKING HEADWAY... BUT SOMETHING'S HOLDING US BACK!

MON, IT'S NO CANNY!



Meanwhile, below...

THE SKIPPER SAYS WE CAN'T HAVE RUN AGROUND!

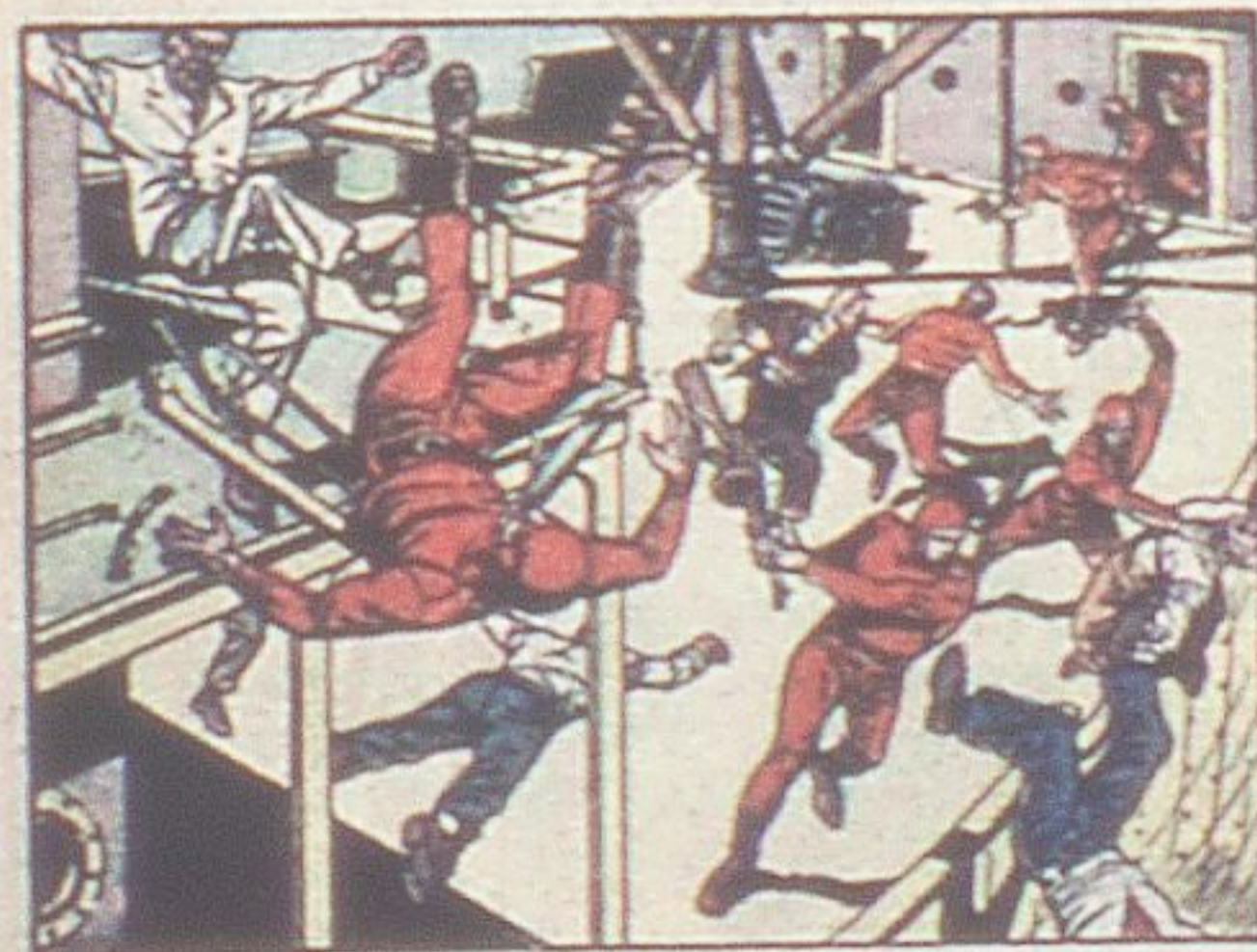
HEY, MATEY! LOOK!

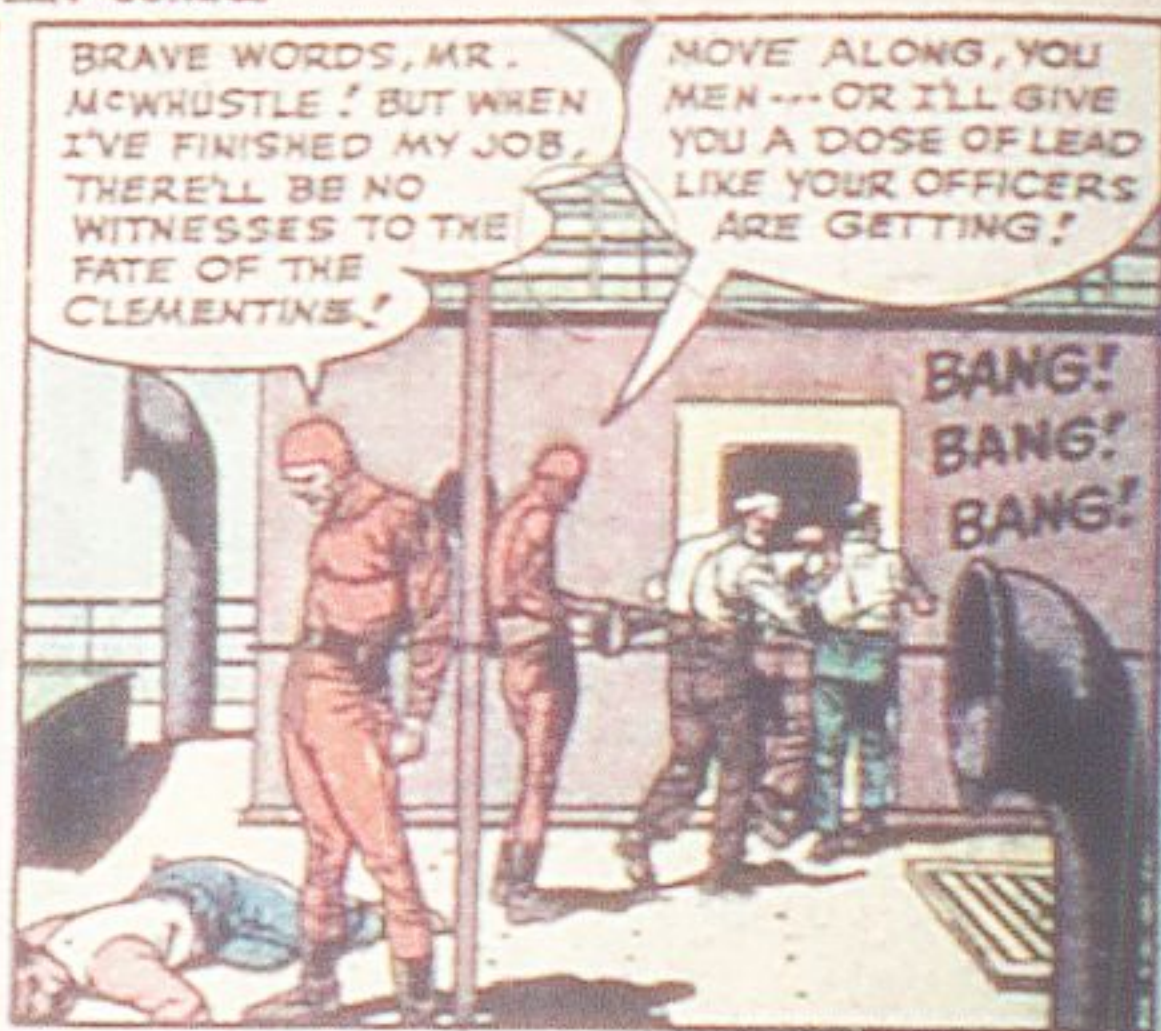


AHOY, TOPSIDES! STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS IN THE STROKEHOLD!

BOARDERS IN THE STROKEHOLD? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!







...and a few moments later, the Clementine is sucked under the waves by some invisible force, leaving no trace... except...

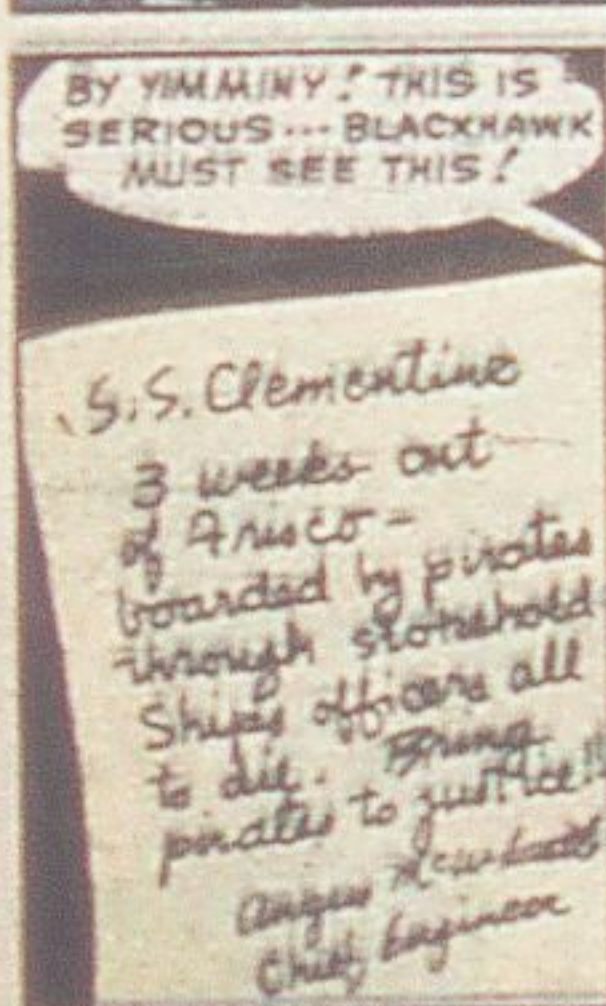


...except for a bottle, unnoticed by the piratical attackers...



Several days later, as the Blackhawks cool off on their island in the heat of the day---





BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO, BLACKHAWK? THE CRIMINALS WHO DID ZAT MUST BE PUNISHED!

I'VE LOOKED UP THE CLEMENTINE IN THE SHIPPING REPORT, BLACKHAWK! THREE WEEKS OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN CROSSING THE EQUATOR ON HER WAY TO AUSTRALIA!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ANDRE! THE CRIMINALS MUST BE PUNISHED... WHOEVER THEY ARE! AND TO TRAP THEM, THE BLACKHAWKS MUST RESORT TO CUNNING!

WHEN BLACKHAWK LOOKS THAT WAY, CHOP CHOP FEEL SO LLY FOR MAN HE IS AFTER!

And so, a few days later....

WE MUST BE NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE CLEMENTINE WENT DOWN, SKIPPER! YOU SAY STAND BY FOR TROUBLE-- WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT BLACKHAWK TOLD ME! HE SAID THAT IF I FOLLOWED HIS INSTRUCTIONS, I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO AVENGE THE MURDER OF MY OLD SHIPMATE ANGUS MCWHUSTLE! BE READY TO SEND AN S.O.S. THE INSTANT ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENS!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

BE SURE SPARKS SENDS HIS CONTACT SIGNALS TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND EVERY TEN SECONDS, SO THEY'LL KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG IF THEY STOP! OLD MCWHUSTLE AND I WERE SHIPMATES FOR YEARS... AND I TRUST BLACKHAWK!

Meanwhile, the BLACKHAWKS are winning a race against time....

THE NEW PLANE'S FINISHED AT LAST! THE FREIGHTER WE CHARTERED AS A DECOY MUST BE NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE CLEMENTINE WAS ATTACKED!

YES, BLACKHAWK! THEIR RADIO OPERATOR SIGNALS ME EVERY TEN SECONDS THAT EVERYTHING'S OKAY!

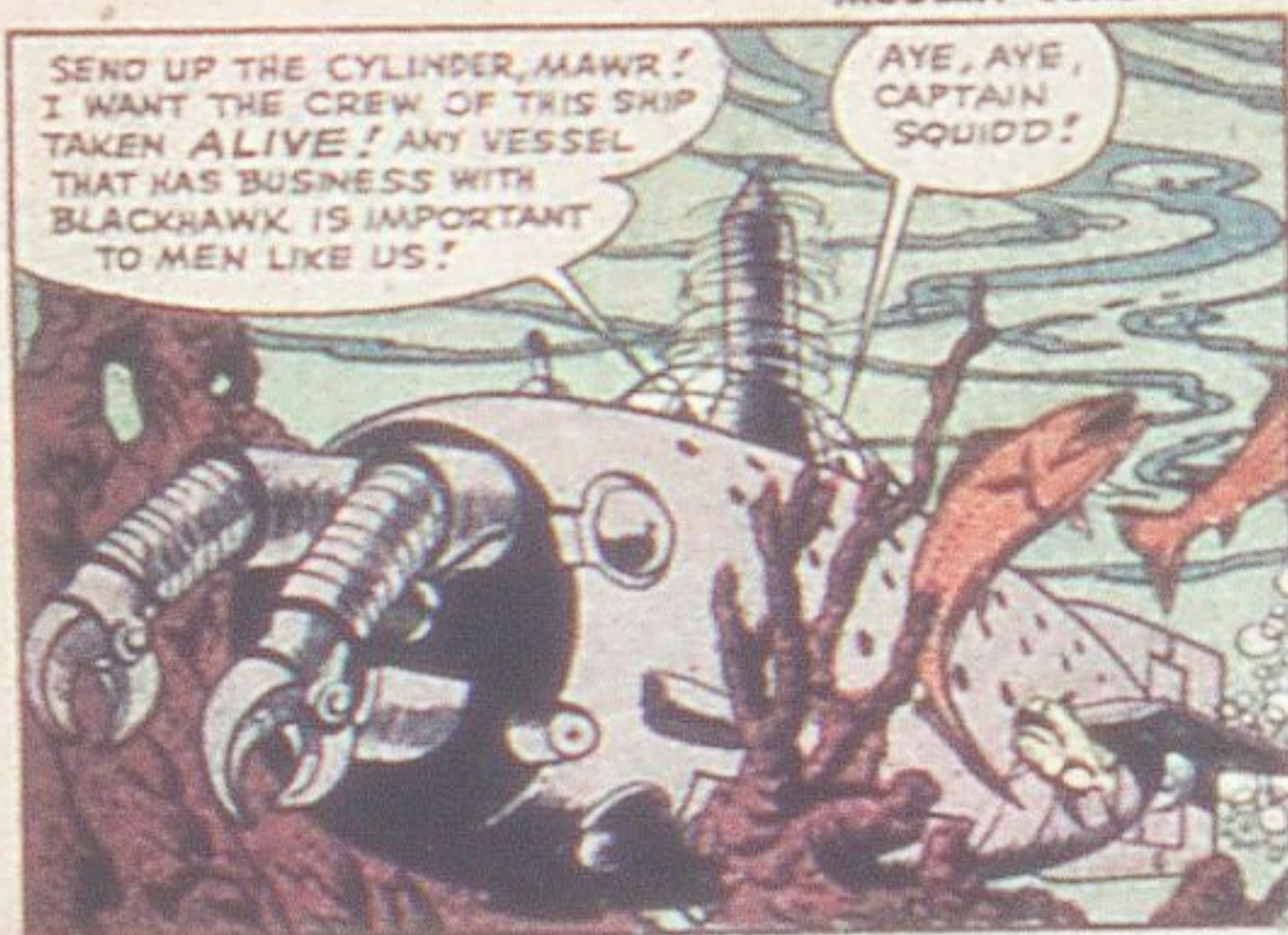
DON'T LEAVE THOSE EARPHONES FOR A SECOND, CHUCK... I'M GOING TO GIVE THE NEW PLANE A TRIAL SPIN!

SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLANE IN THE WHOLE WORLD, BLACKHAWK!

But even as Blackhawk prepares to put his new plane through its paces...

BUT CAPTAIN SQUIDD! IT'S ONLY AN INSIGNIFICANT TRAMP STEAMER! SHE'S NOT WORTH OUR TROUBLE!

AH YES, MAWR! BUT ACCORDING TO THE SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS, SHE CARRIES IMPORTANT SUPPLIES FOR BLACKHAWK ISLAND... AND THAT MAKES HER WORTH OUR TROUBLE!



SEND UP THE CYLINDER, MAWR! I WANT THE CREW OF THIS SHIP TAKEN ALIVE! ANY VESSEL THAT HAS BUSINESS WITH BLACKHAWK IS IMPORTANT TO MEN LIKE US!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN SQUIDD!



WE'RE BEING SCUTTLED, CAPTAIN! MEN IN BLACK MASKS ARE POURING INTO THE ENGINE ROOM!

THIS MUST BE WHAT BLACKHAWK WAS EXPECTING!

OFFER NO RESISTANCE! SPARKS--- SEND THE S.O.S. TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND!



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

QUIET, CAPTAIN! YOU'D BE SWINGING FROM YOUR OWN YARDARM IF CAPTAIN SQUIDD DIDN'T WANT A WORD WITH YOU!



Meanwhile---

STOP HIM! I JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE THAT THE SHIP IS BEING ATTACKED BY PIRATES!

TOO LATE, CHUCK! BLACKHAWK IS OFF! WE WILL CONTACT HIM BY RADIO!



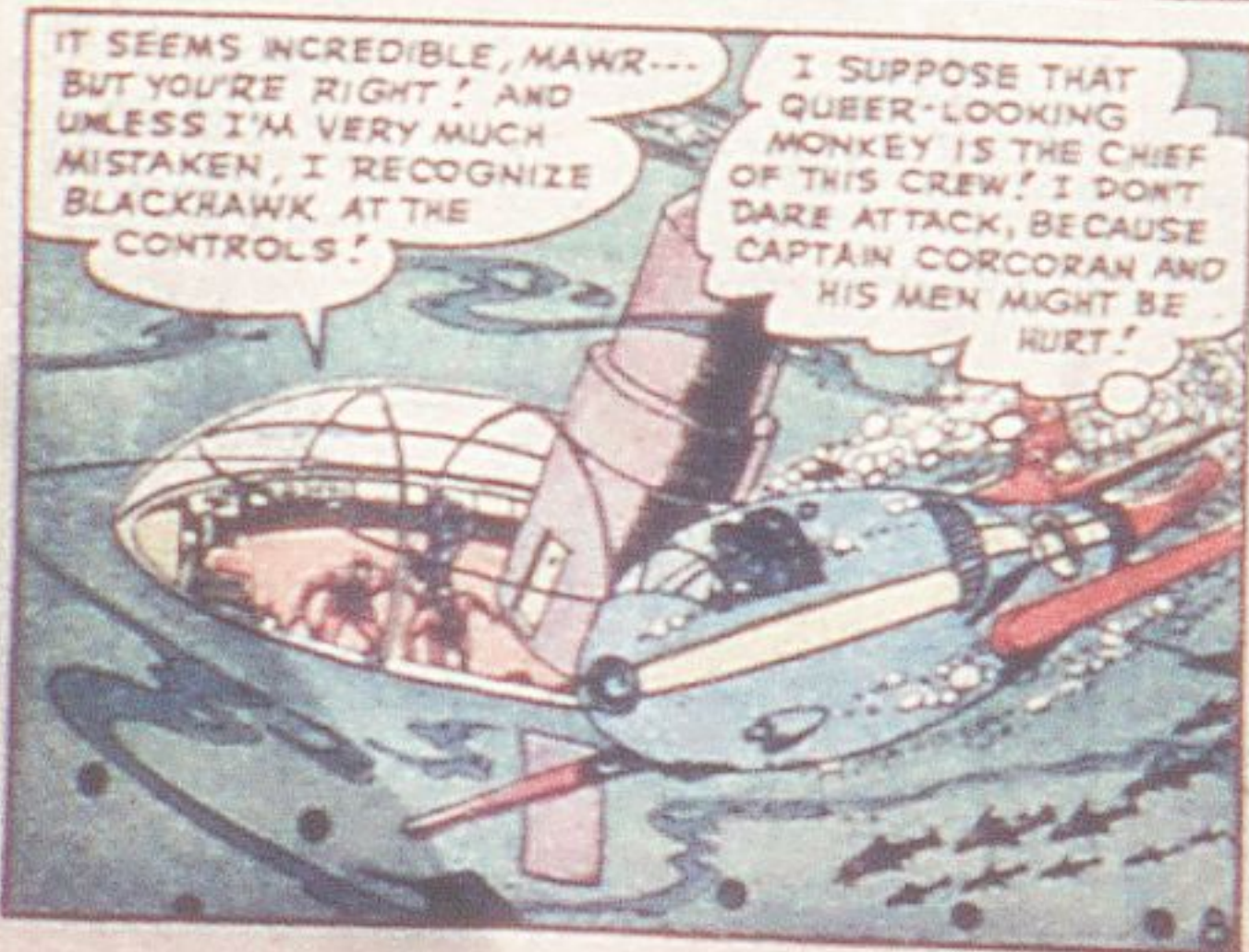
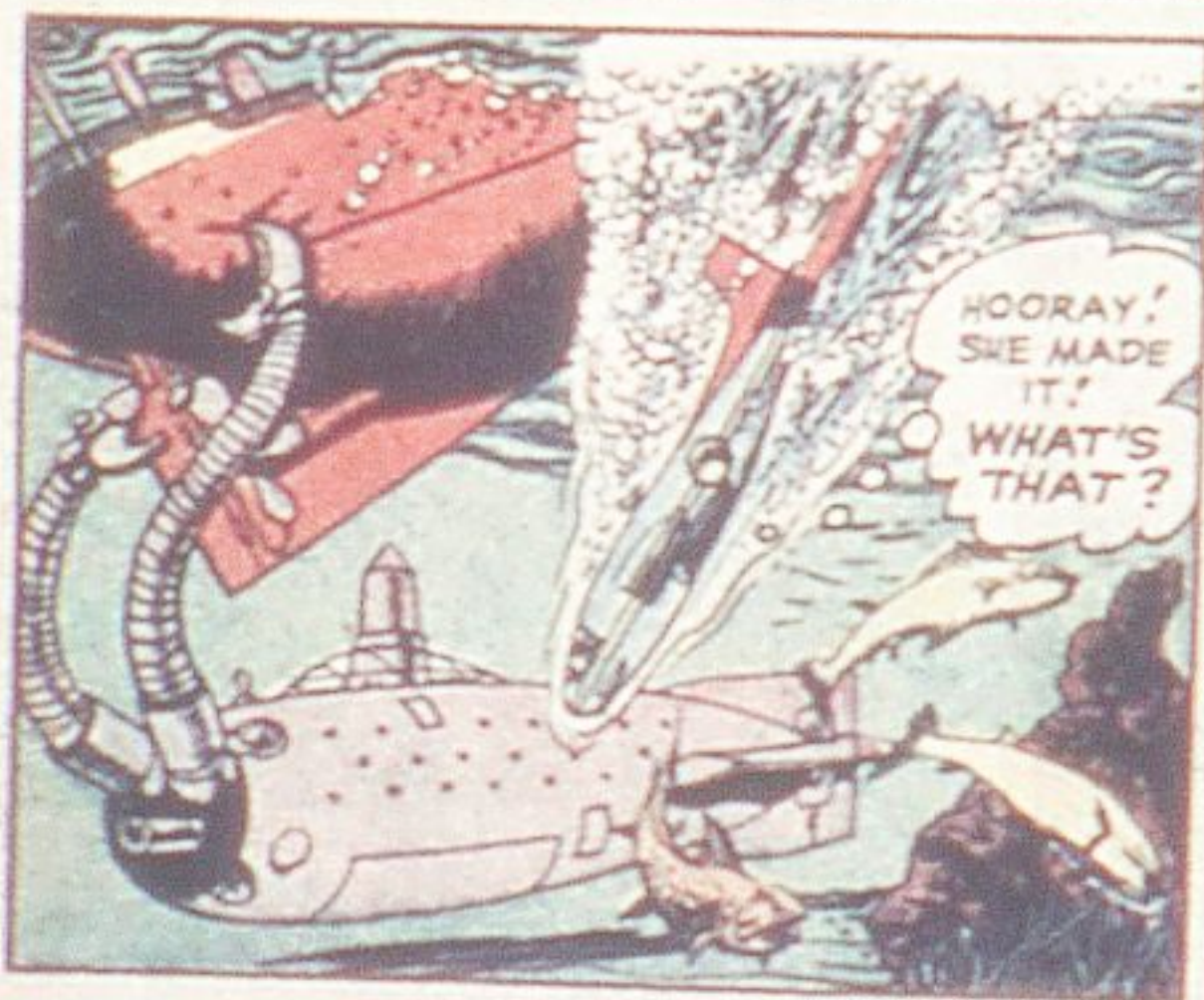
SHE HANDLES LIKE A THOROUGHbred! WAIT A MINUTE, THOUGH--- SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CONTACT ME!

THIS IS CHUCK, BLACKHAWK! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE---

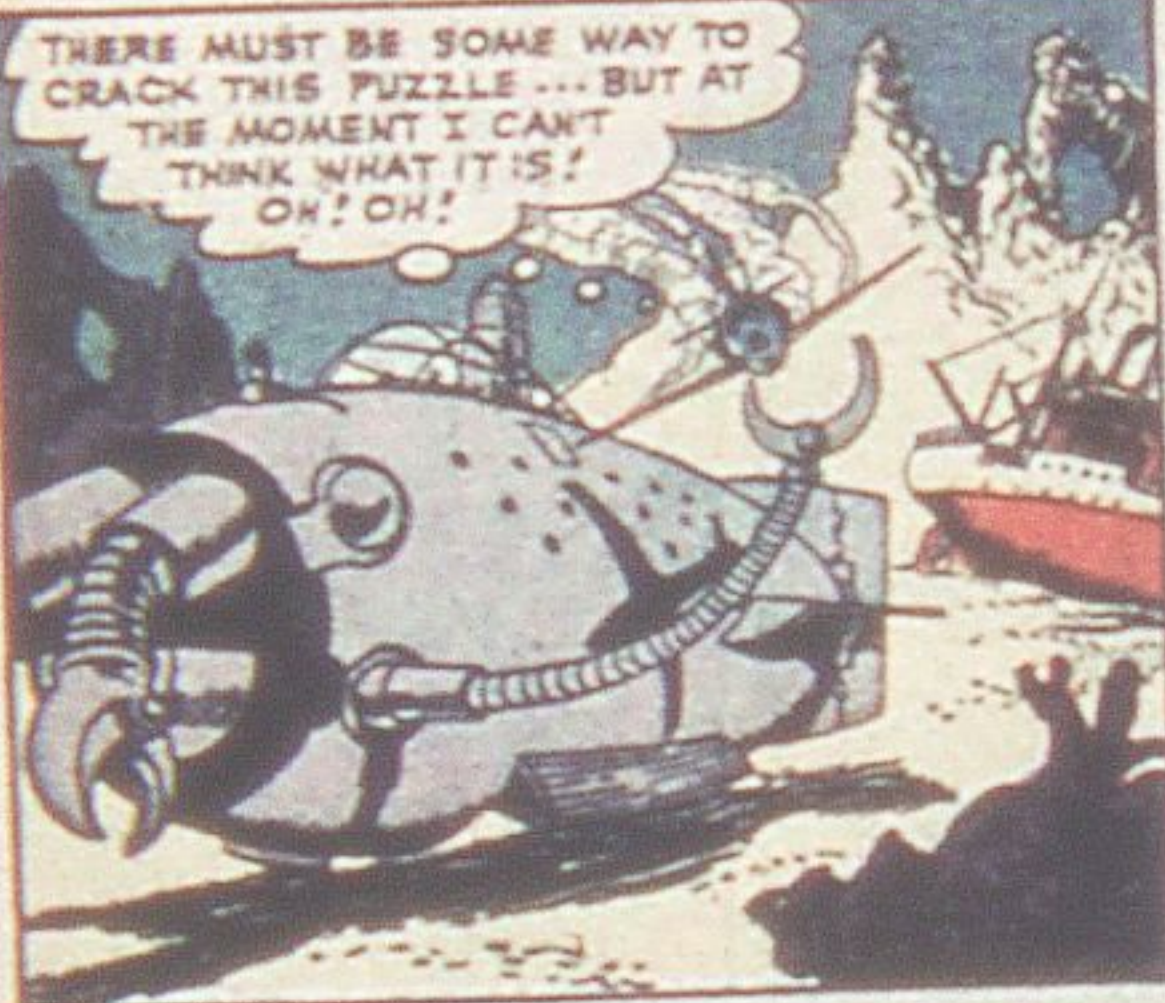


---THE TRAP HAS BEEN SPRUNG! CAPTAIN CORCORAN SAYS HIS SHIP HAS BEEN BOARDED!

ROGER! HAWKA-A-A!



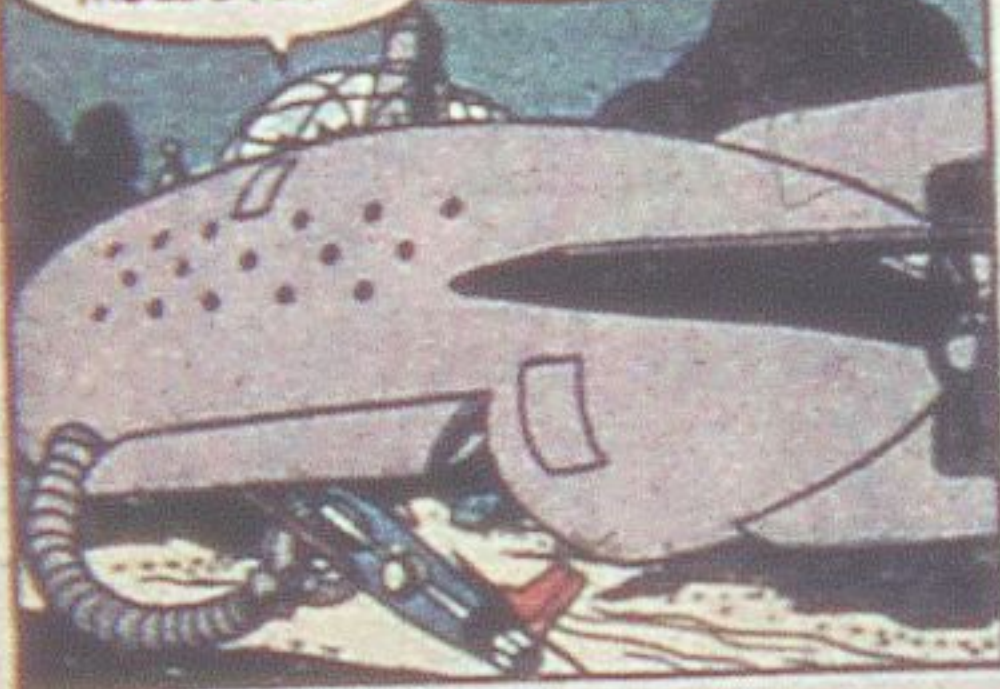
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO CRACK THIS PUZZLE ... BUT AT THE MOMENT I CAN'T THINK WHAT IT IS! OH! OH!



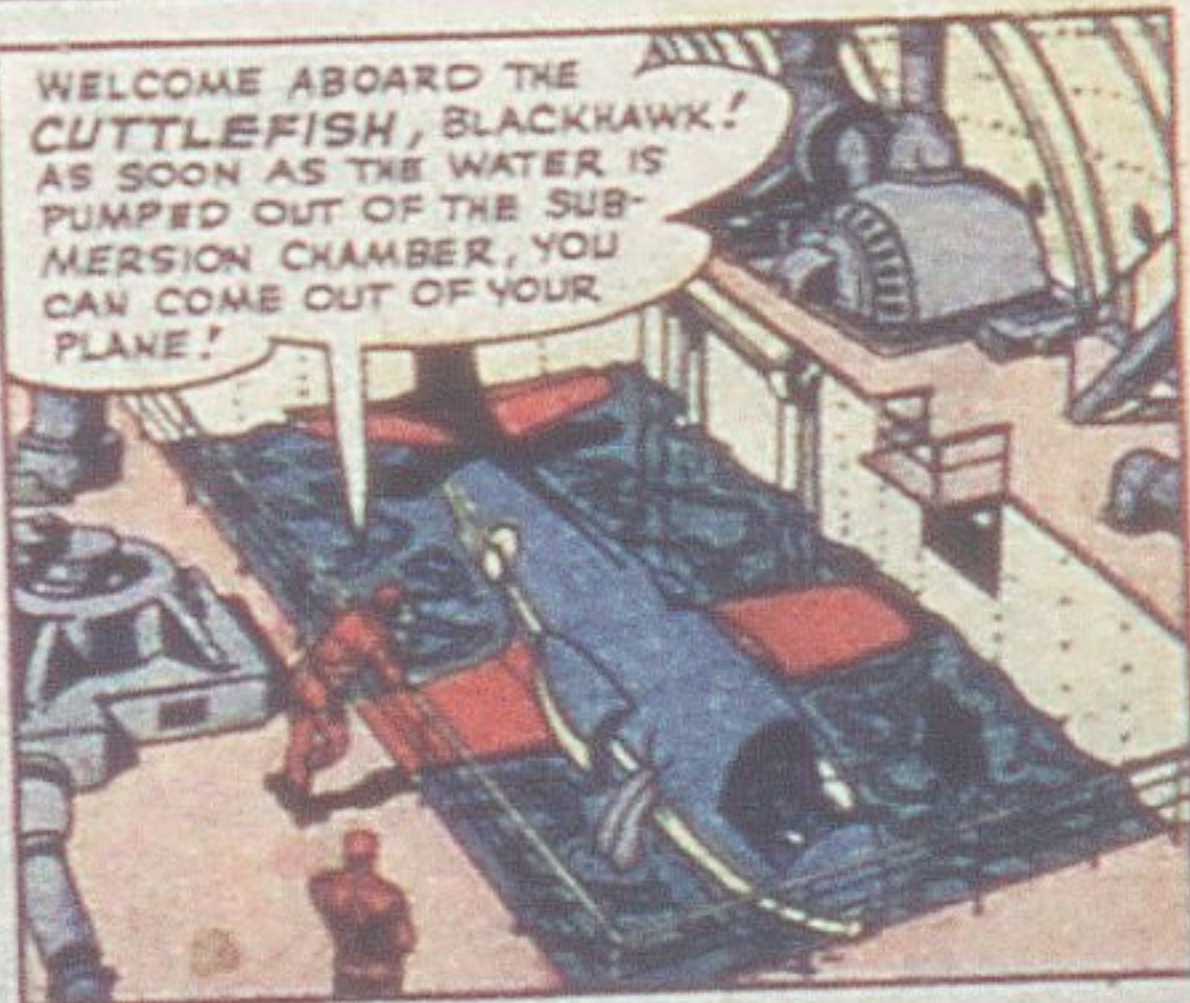
NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH! WELL ... IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE ABLE TO MEET THE SKIPPER OF THIS CRUMMY CRAFT IN PERSON!



WE'VE GOT HIM! THE CELEBRATED BLACKHAWK IS NOW OUR PRISONER, HAWK! FROM NOW ON WE CAN PURSUE OUR TRADE WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING SERIOUSLY MOLESTED!



WELCOME ABOARD THE CUTTLEFISH, BLACKHAWK! AS SOON AS THE WATER IS PUMPED OUT OF THE SUBMERSION CHAMBER, YOU CAN COME OUT OF YOUR PLANE!



SO THIS IS THE EXPLANATION OF THE MYSTERY? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE THE MASTER MIND BEHIND THE IDEA?

YOU HAVEN'T HAD THE HONOR OF MEETING ME BEFORE, BLACKHAWK! I AM CAPTAIN SQUIDD --- THE MAN WHO PUT PIRACY ON A BUSINESS BASIS!



PIRACY IS OUR TRADE ... AND LIKE THE PIRATES OF OLD, I OFFER EVERY PRISONER A CHOICE BETWEEN JOINING MY CREW AND SHARING THE SPOILS AND ... DEATH!

I'VE MADE MY CHOICE, SQUIDD AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT IT IS!





WE COULD GO FAR TOGETHER, BLACKHAWK! SOON WE'LL BE HOME! IF YOU WON'T JOIN US, AT LEAST YOUR PLANE CAN BE COPIED AND PUT TO USE IN OUR SERVICE!



THESE ARE OUR HEAD-QUARTERS! AFTER WE ENTER THAT COMPARTMENT YOU SEE OPENING, THE DOOR IS CLOSED AND THE WATER IS PUMPED OUT! THEN WE CAN DISEMBARK AND UNLOAD OUR SPOILS!



TAKE BLACKHAWK TO THE TANK ROOM! THEN WE'LL SEE IF HE CAN BE PERSUADED!



BELOW IS MY STOREHOUSE --- AND THOSE MEN ARE PRISONERS WHO REFUSED TO JOIN MY CREW! PERHAPS YOU WILL JOIN THEM IN A LIFETIME OF SLAVERY, BLACKHAWK-- OR WORSE!



DIVE IN AND GET THAT KNIFE, BLACKHAWK! THEN WE'LL SEE IF YOU HAVEN'T MET YOUR MATCH IN OUR LITTLE MASCOT!



AAARGH! HELP!

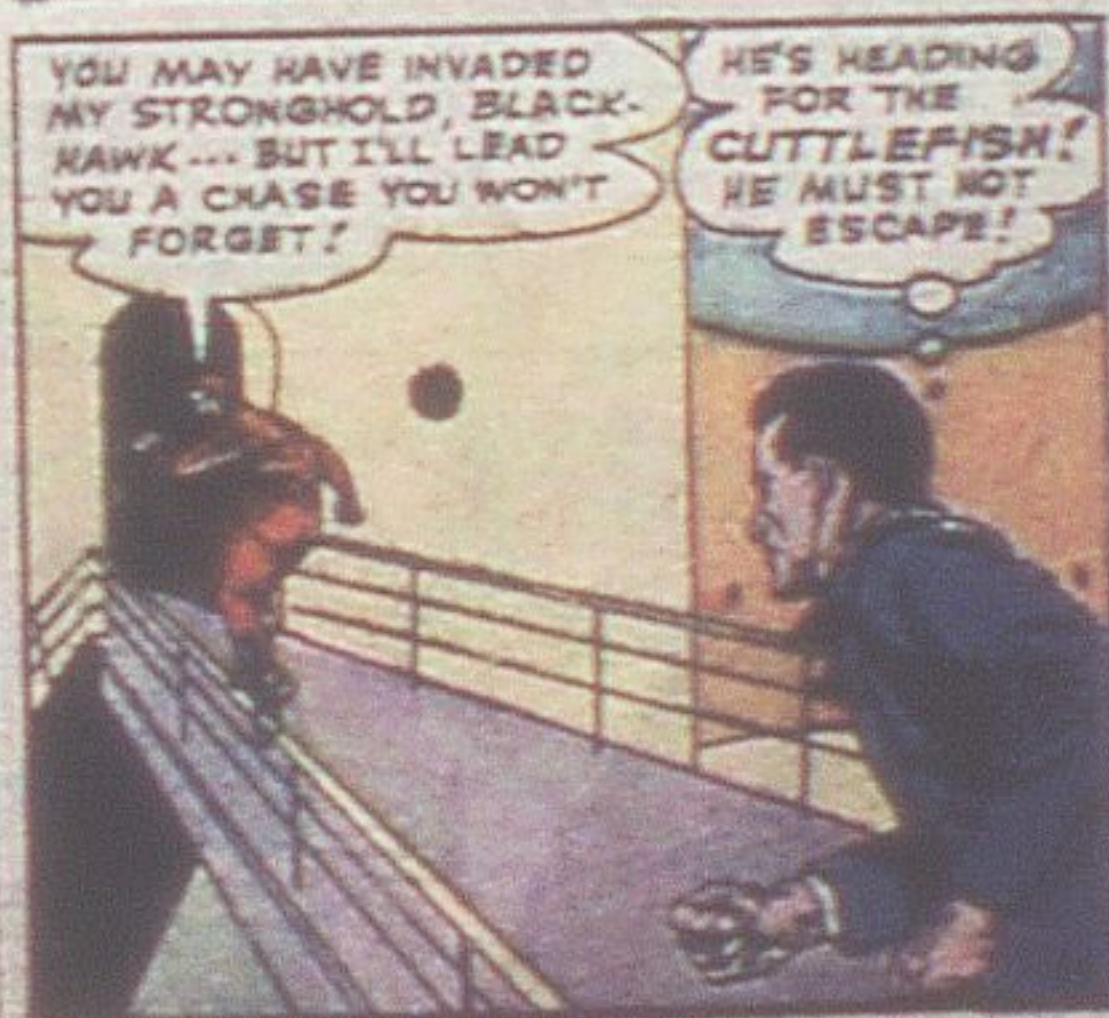
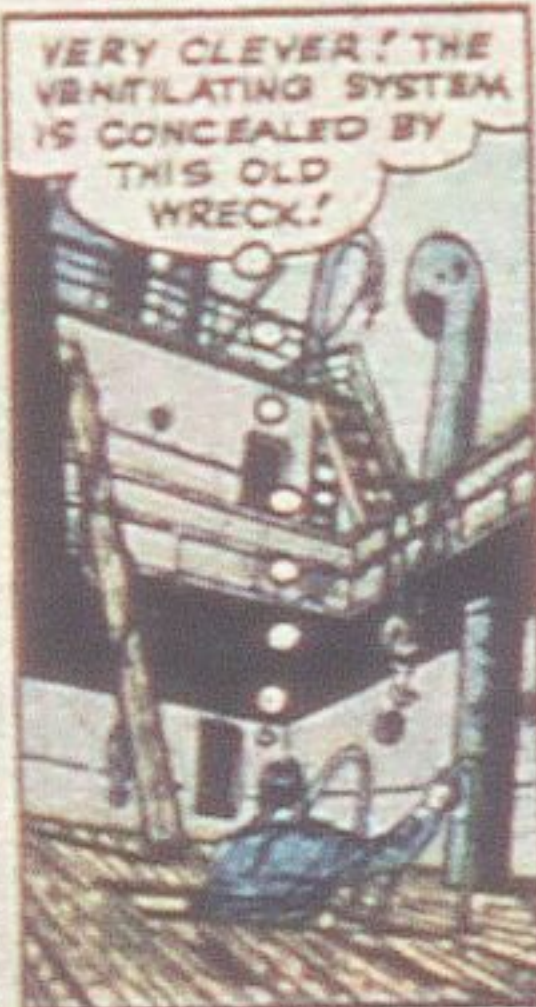
THIS WOULD BE MY FINISH--- IF IT WERE NOT FOR THIS SORT OF THING!



ALL I NEED IS A FIGHTING CHANCE--- HAWK-A-AA!

DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

COME ON, MEN! LET'S FIGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM!





HA! HA! YOU'RE NOW TRAPPED, BLACKHAWK! IN A FEW MOMENTS THIS CHAMBER WILL FILL WITH WATER, THEN THE CUTTLEFISH WILL DISAPPEAR INTO THE OCEAN WITH ME AT HER HELM!

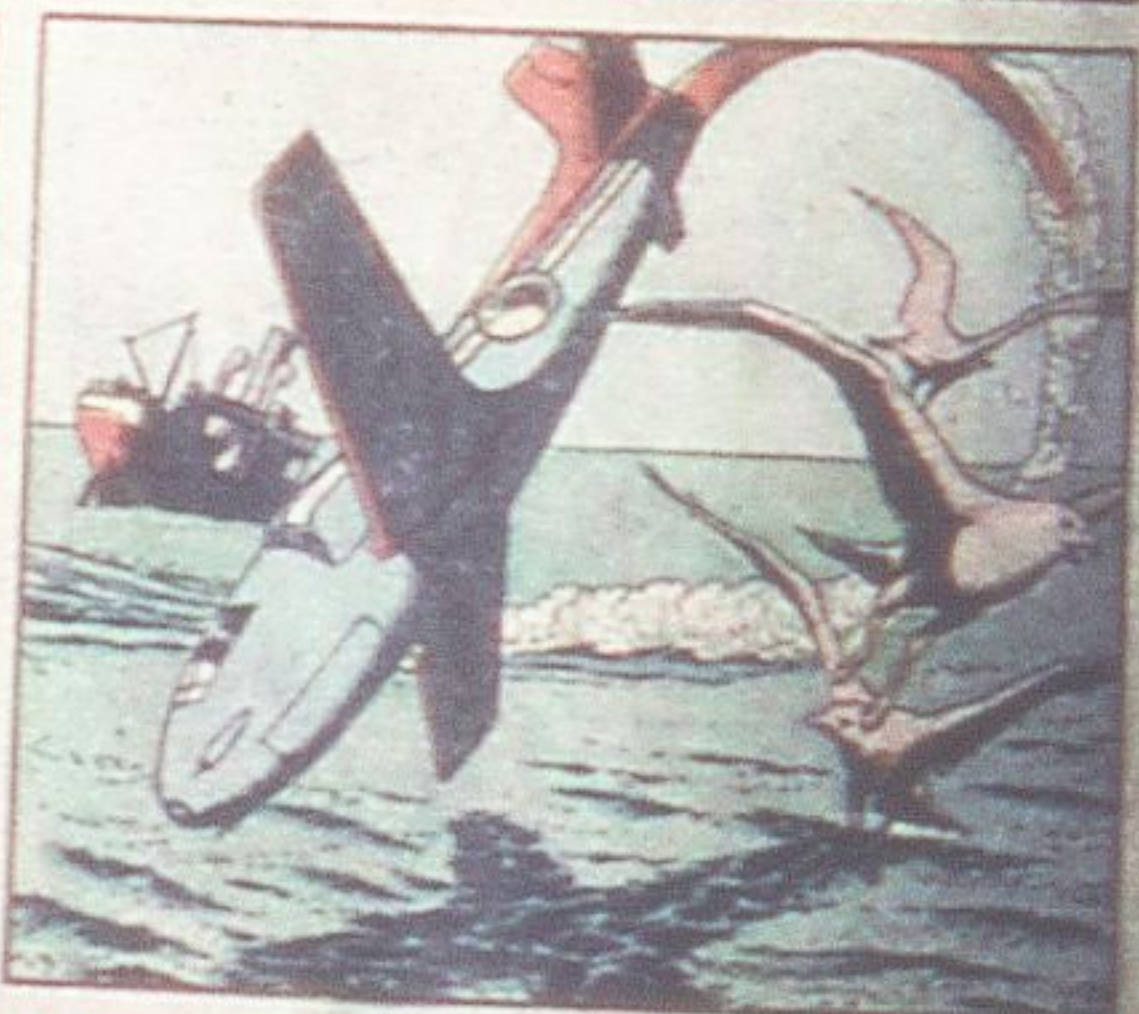


HA! HA! THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWK ... DROWNED LIKE A RAT!

IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP --- BUT IF MY LUNGS HOLD OUT, I'LL MAKE IT!



PREW! I MADE IT! THE BLACKHAWKS ARE STILL BUSY BELOW --- SO I GUESS IT WILL HAVE TO BE A PRIVATE FIGHT BETWEEN SQUIDD AND BLACKHAWK!



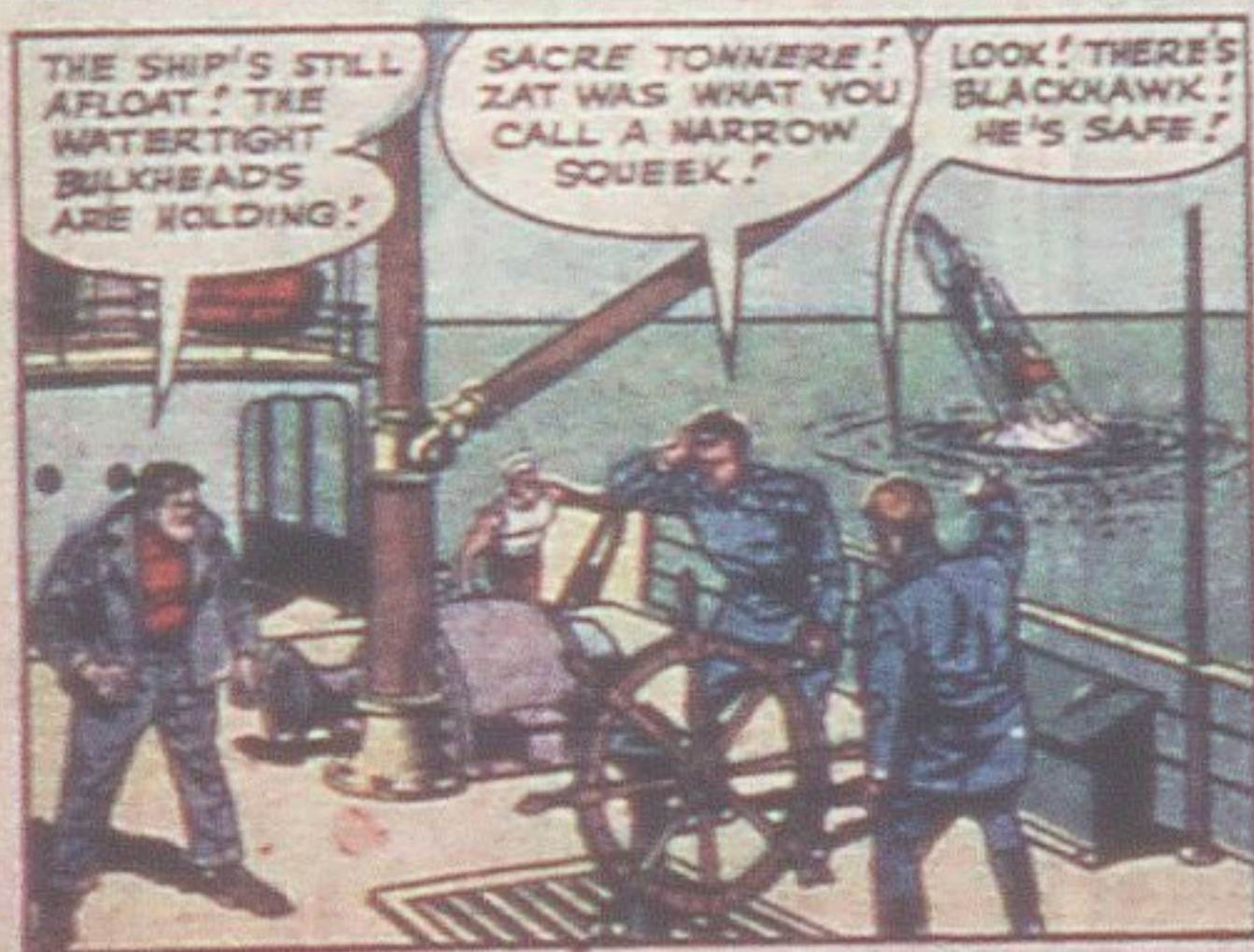
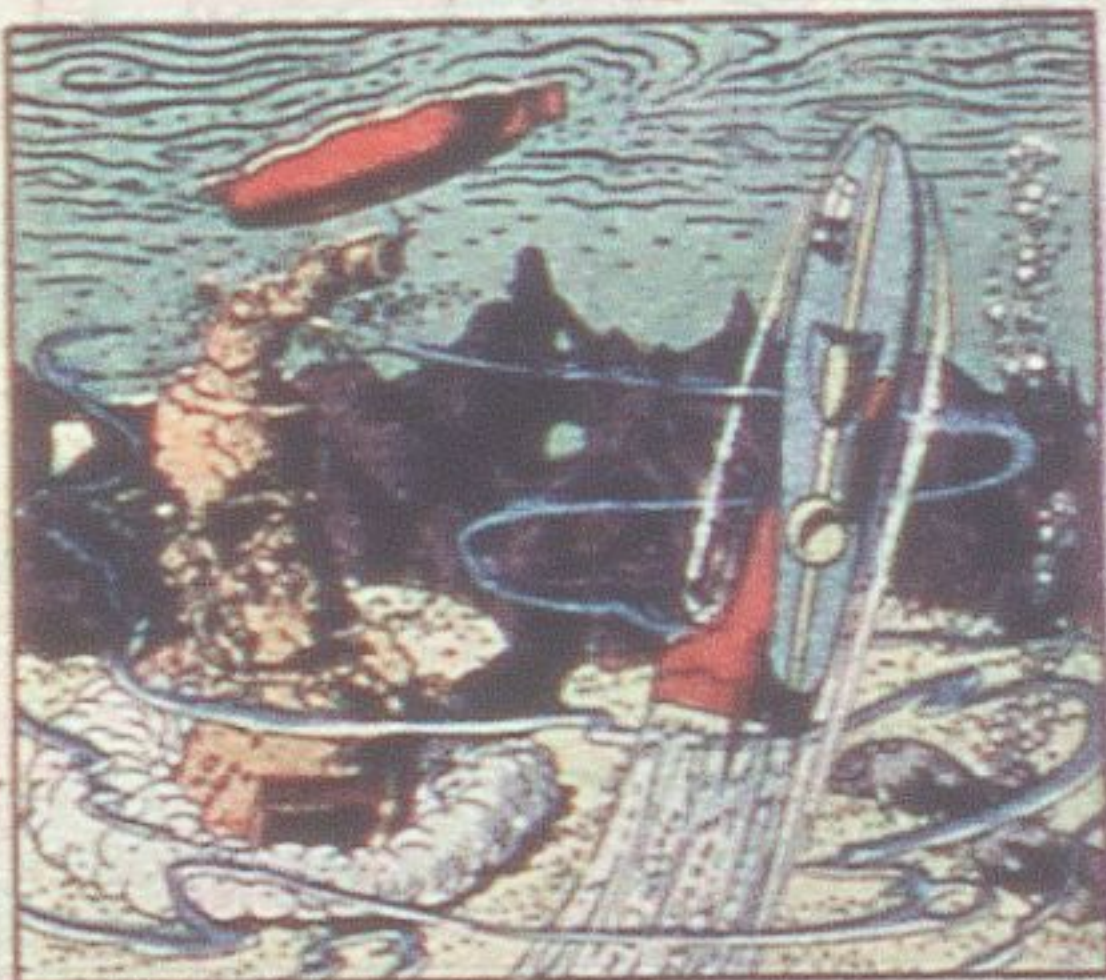
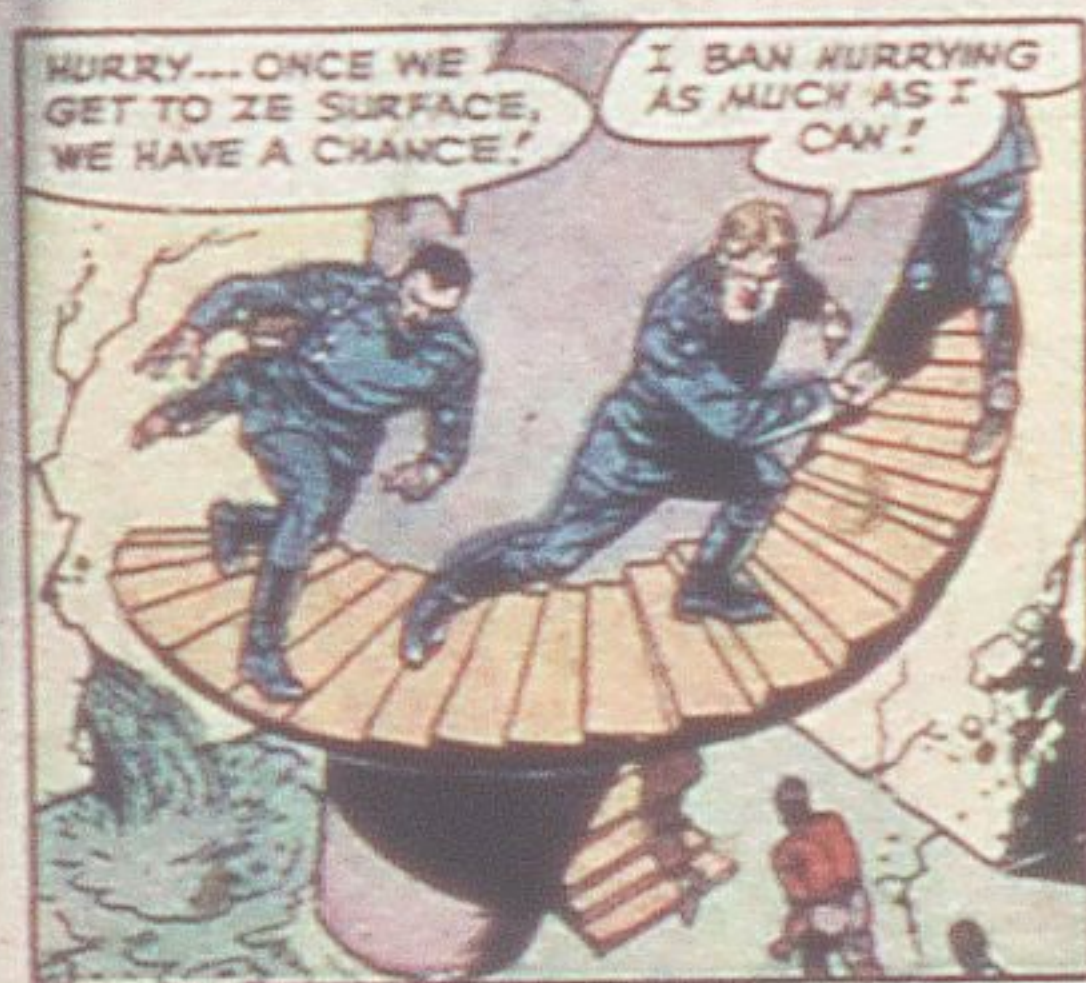
BLACKHAWK! I THOUGHT HE DROWNED! WITHOUT SOMEONE TO HELP, I CAN'T HANDLE ALL THE CONTROLS OF THE CUTTLEFISH!

GLAD ANDRE WORKED ON THIS OTHER PLANE --- I CAN STILL GIVE SQUIDD A REAL TEST!

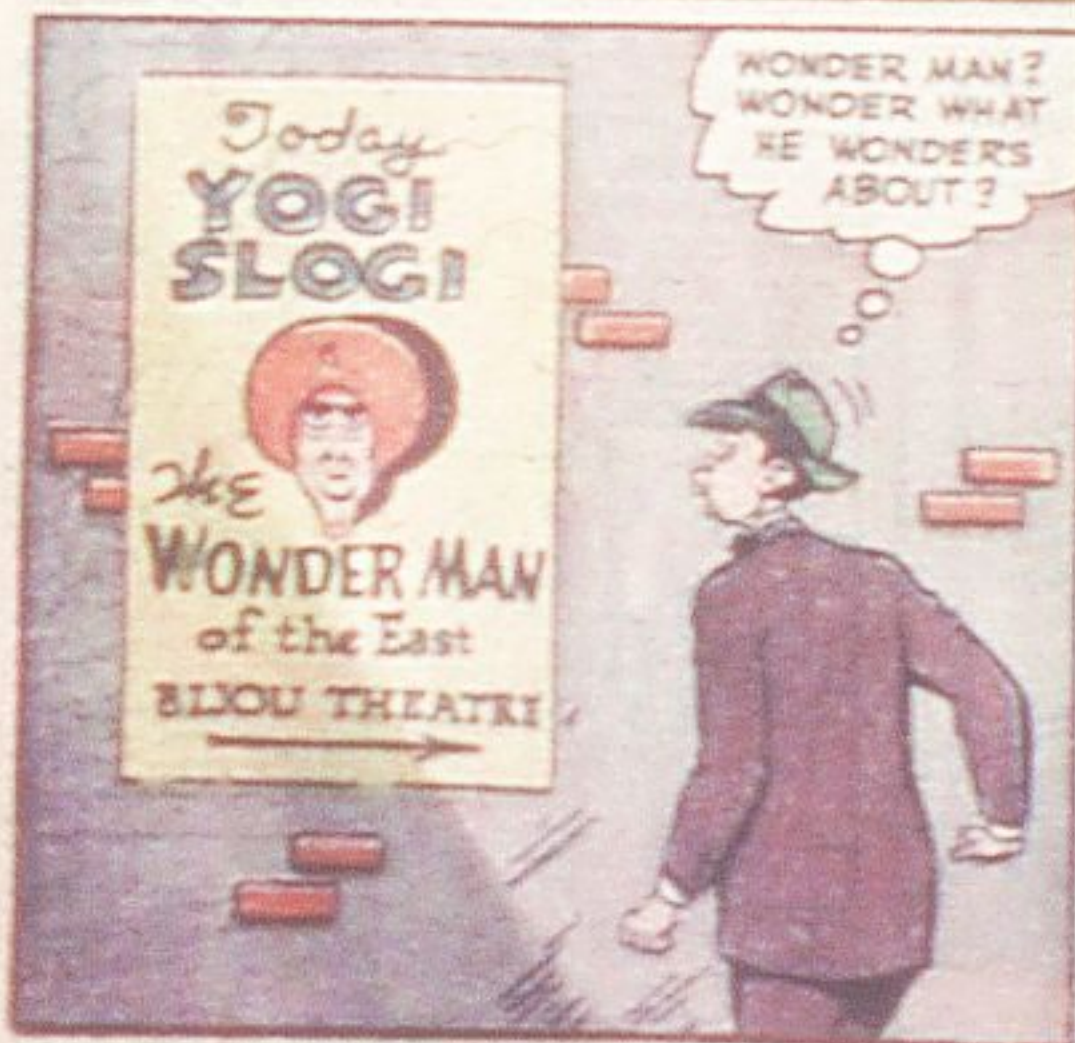


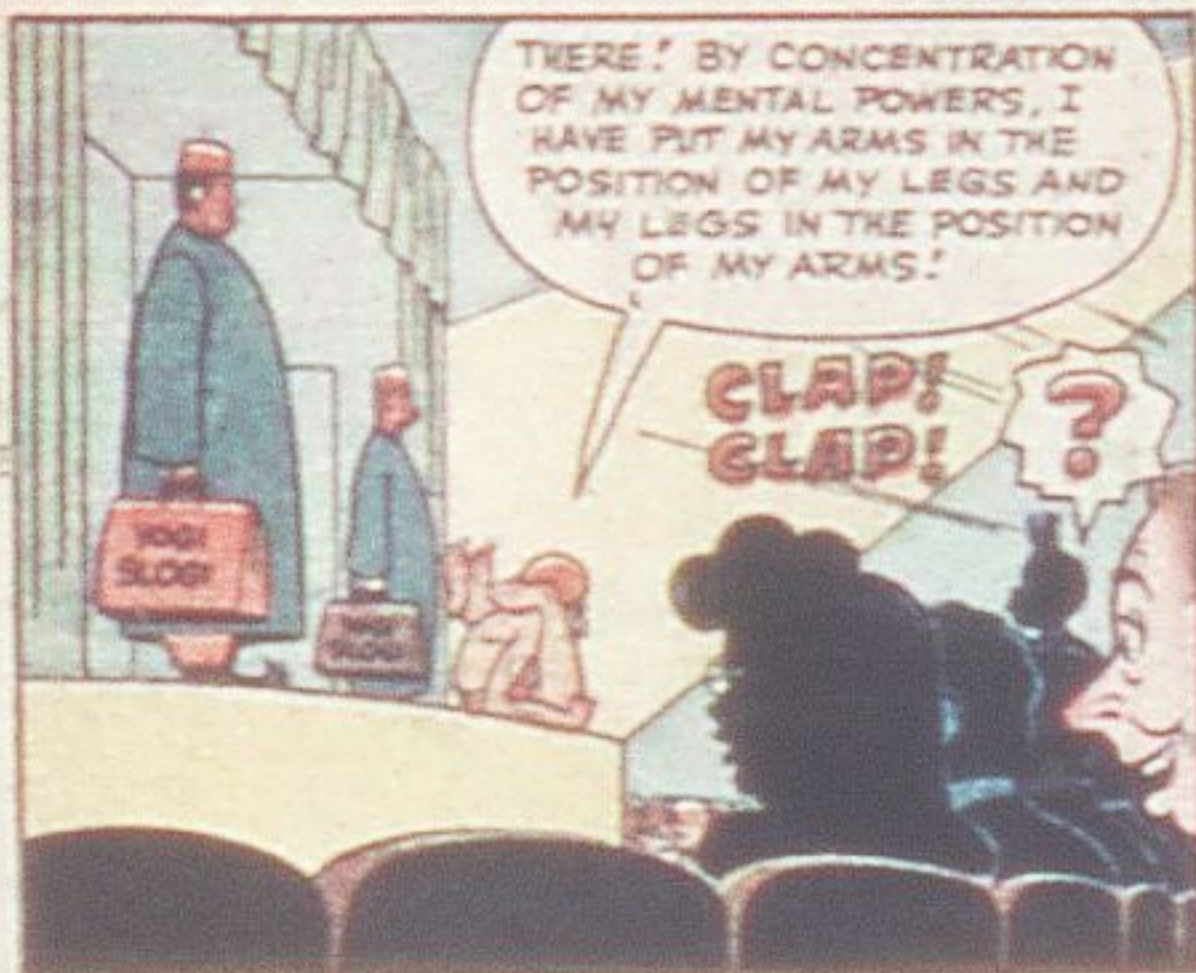
BULLETS WON'T WORK UNDER WATER --- SO I HAVE TO USE AN OXY-ACETYLENE BLAST --- JUST LIKE THE FLAME OF A BLOW-TORCH, BUT STRONGER!

YOU SCOUNDREL! YOU'RE RUINING MY INVENTION --- THE WORK OF A LIFETIME!



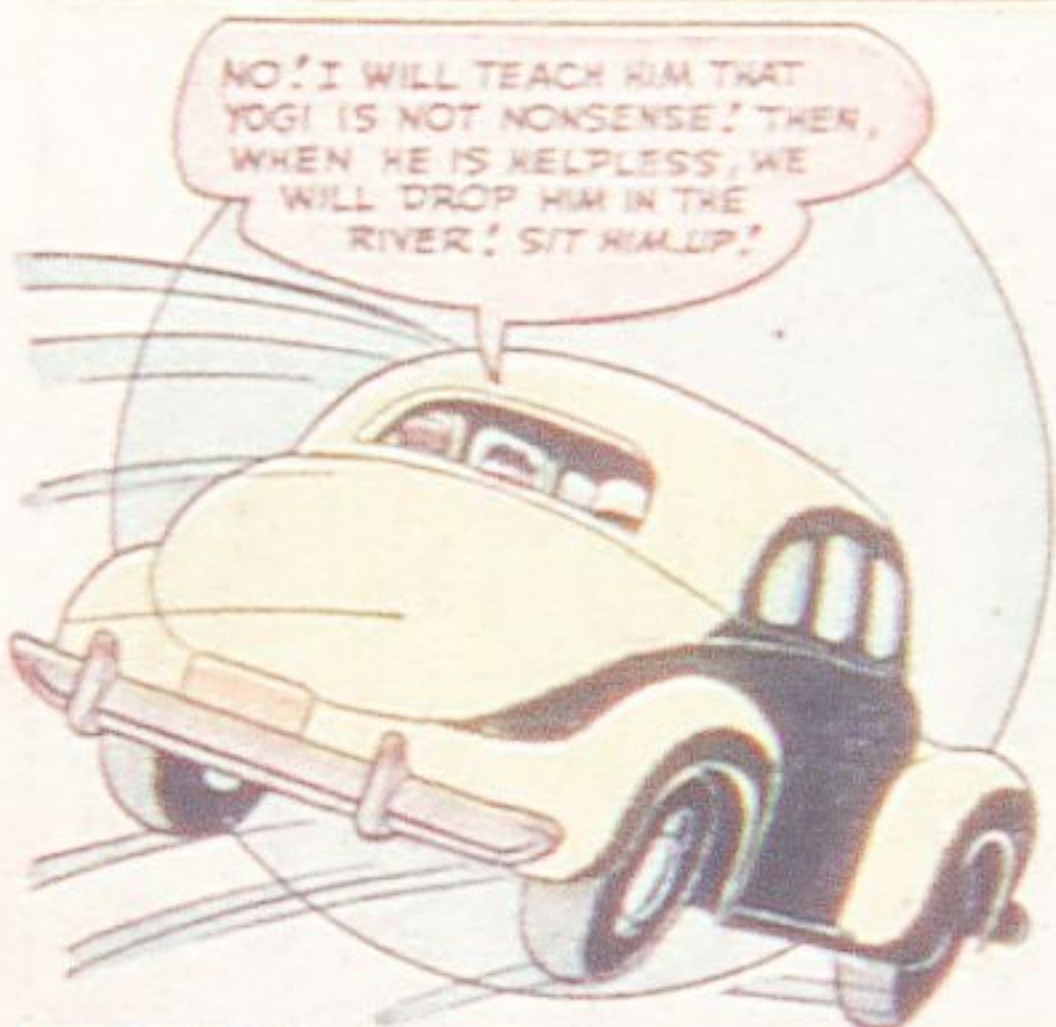
DOGTAG

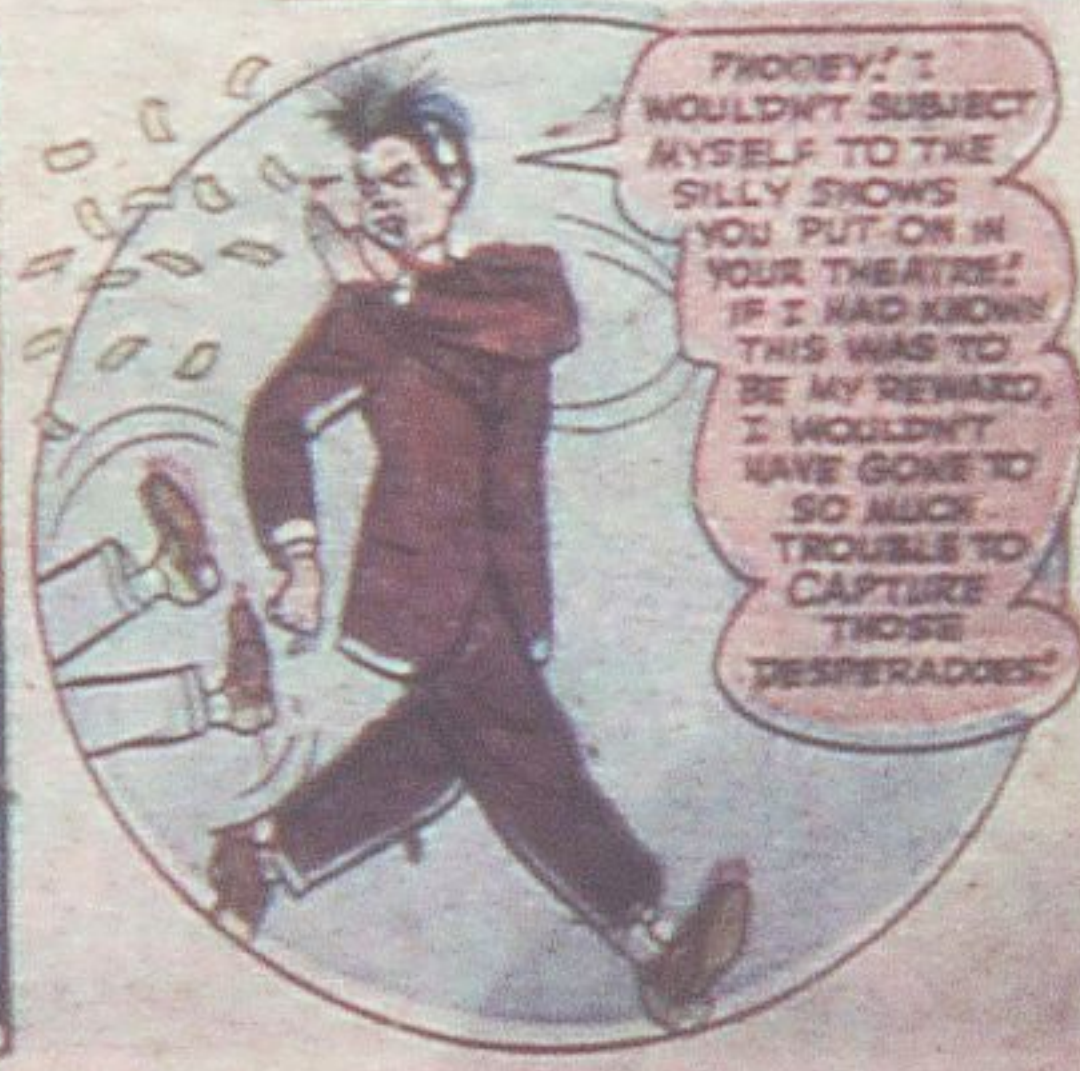
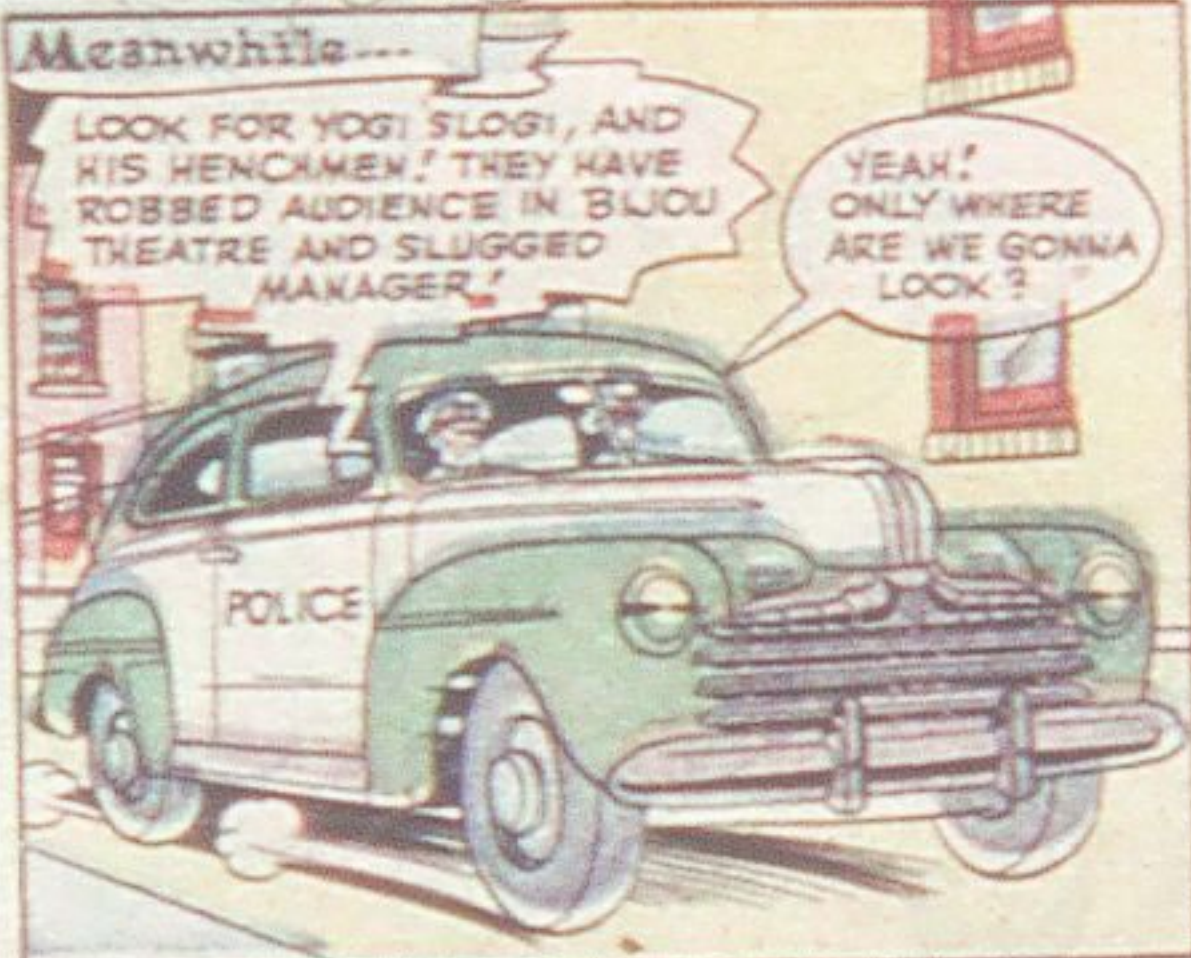




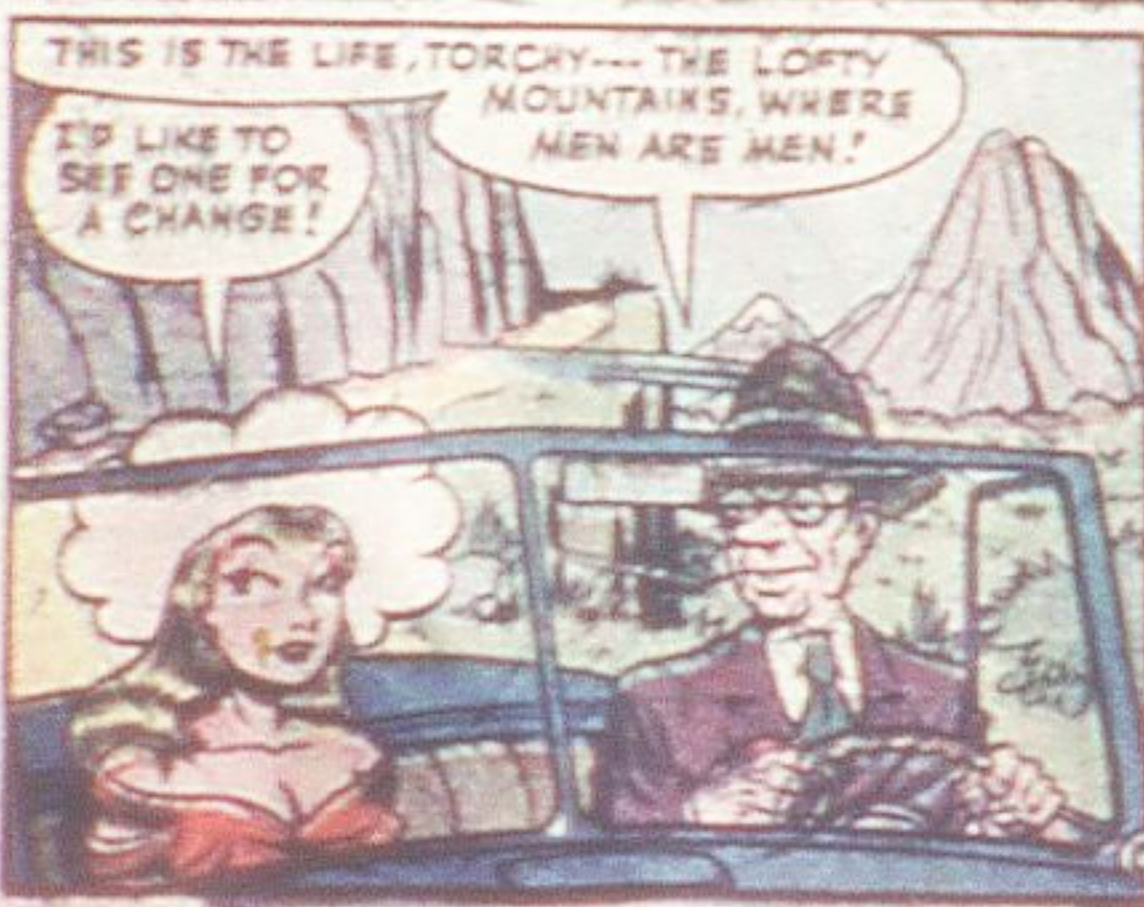


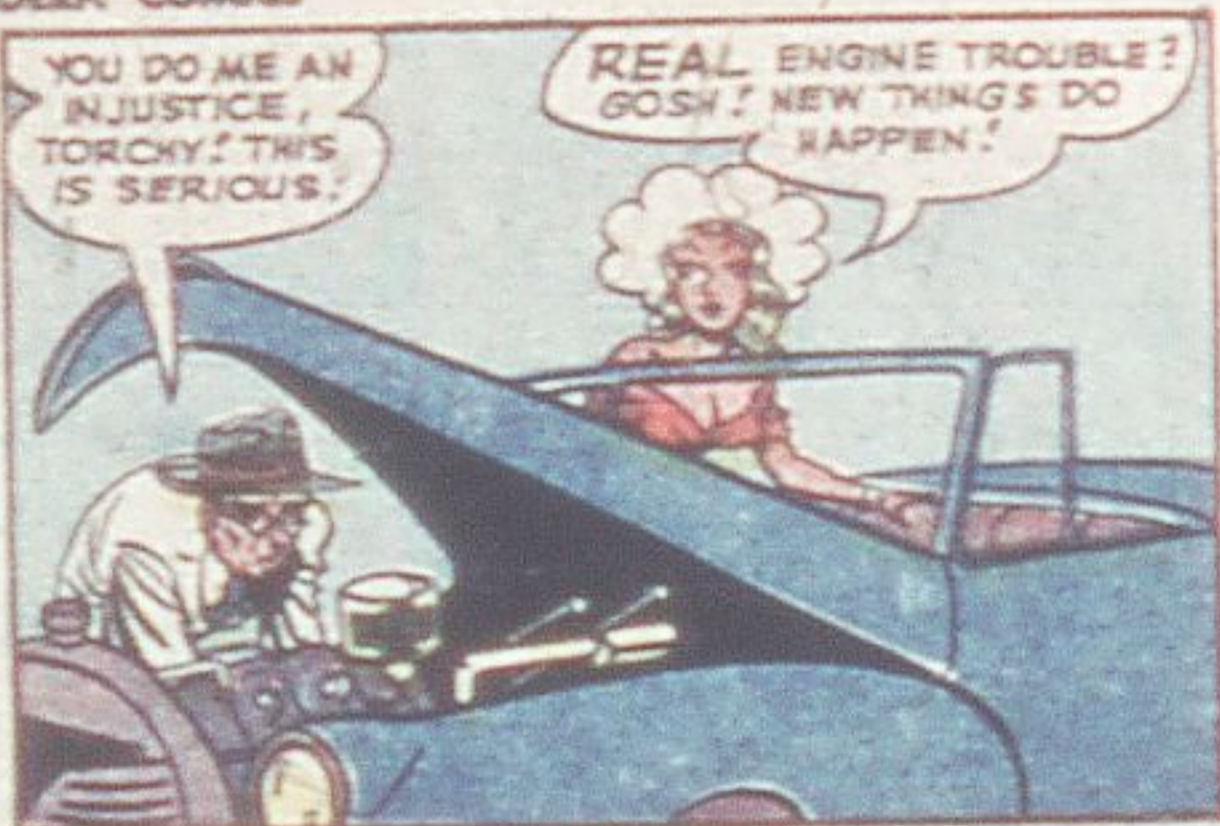






TORCHY







AH, THERE GOES A MOUNTAINEER! I'LL ASK HIM WHERE I CAN FIND A MECHANIC!



GOSH! HE CERTAINLY LOOKS TALL AND IMPRESSIVE!



PARDON ME! COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I COULD FIND A MECHANIC?

A WHUT?



DON'T RECKON I EVER HEERD O'NO SECH CRITTER!

GULP! ANYWAY, THE REAR VIEW WAS IMPRESSIVE!



BUT AH SHO' ENUF KNOW WHAR Y'KIN BUY A MIGHTY FINE STILL, CHEAP!

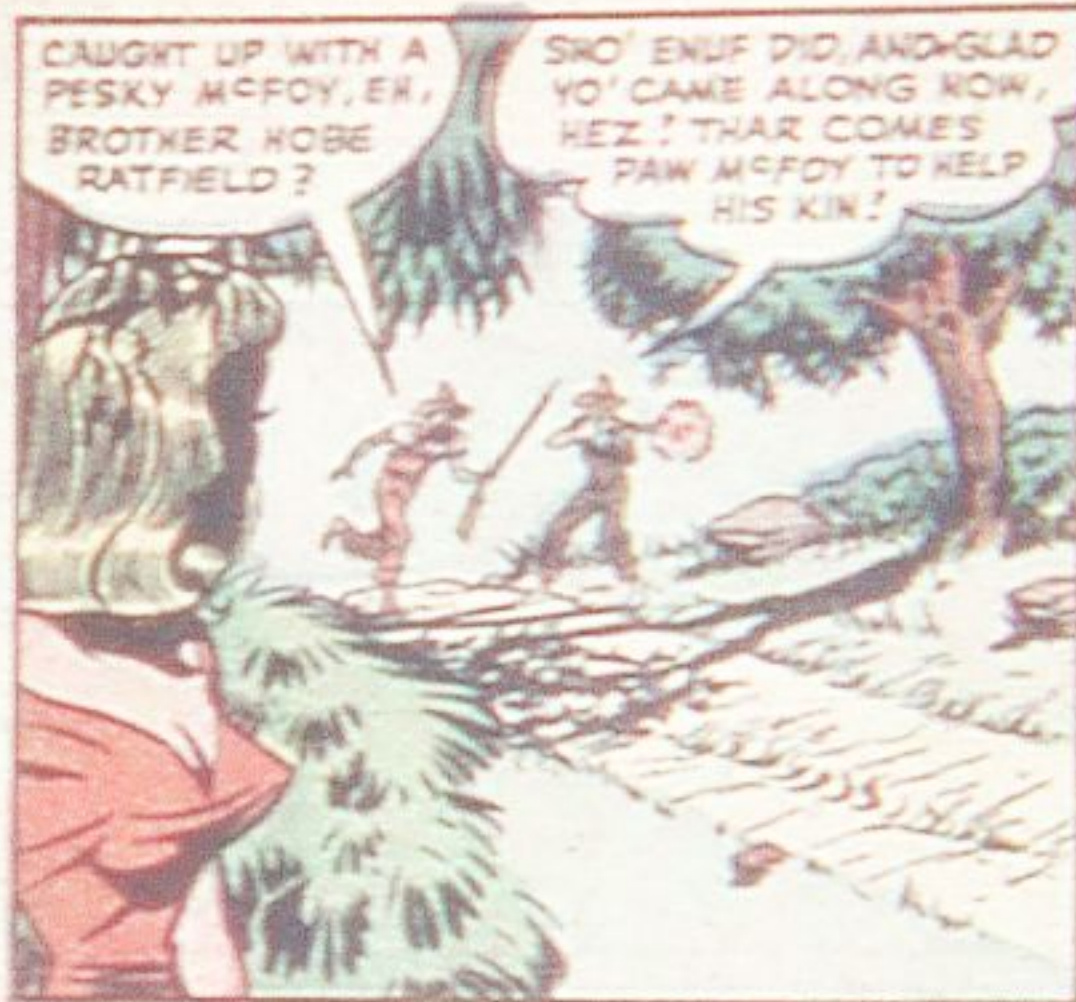
I'M AFRAID WE COULDN'T FIX A CAR WITH IT!



AH WUZ A-WONDERIN' WHUT YOU REMINDED ME OF! NOW I'VE GOT IT!

WHAT!





CAUGHT UP WITH A PESKY MCFOY, EH, BROTHER HOBE RATFIELD?

SRO' ENUF DID, AND GLAD YO' CAME ALONG NOW, HEZ! THAR COMES PAW MCFOY TO HELP HIS KIN!



MCFOY WAS A-COURTIN' HER RIGHT ON THE ROAD! AH SEED HER RUN INTO THE WOODS! HAD ON A STORE DRESS, TOO!

DID, EH? MAYBE THEM MCFOYS GIVE IT TO HER— BUT IT WON'T DO 'EM NO GOOD! SHE'LL NEVER MARRY UP WITH A MCFOY— EFN WE HAVE TO KILL 'EM ALL!



KEEP PEPPERIN' 'EM, SON! WE'D RATHER KILL RATFIELD'S THAN EAT, WOULDN'T WE! 'SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S OVER HER WE'RE A-FEUDIN'!

OH DEAR!



WHOLE FAMILIES READY TO WIPE EACH OTHER OUT... AND ALL BECAUSE OF ME!



I'M NOT WORTH IT! I MUST PUT AN END TO THIS INSANE KILLING!



STOP! THERE MUST BE AN END TO THIS MADNESS!



EEEEK! HALP! THAT WAS A REAL BULLET!

WHO BE SHE, HOBE?

DANGED IF AH KNOW!



WILL BRAGG

— AND WE
UNANIMOUSLY
CHOOSE YOU
MR. UNIVERSE!

Will Bragg can do anything better than anybody—according to Will! But when he's roped into judging a beauty contest, Bragg brags himself into such a mess that even HE has a hard time talking his way out!

WHY, I'LL NEVER FORGET WHEN ZIEGFELD CALLED ME IN TO PICK THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN HIS SHOW! WILL, HE SAID—

THAT DOES IT! LET'S LEAVE BEFORE THAT OLD WINDBAG POPS AND WRECKS THE PLACE!

MY DEAR MR. ALBERT ROYCE! AND MR. SCULTZE—YOU'RE JUST THE MEN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

OH! OH! WHATEVER THAT OLD BATTLE-AXE WANTS IS BAD NEWS FOR US!



OUR LADIES' HOME
ADVANCEMENT GROUP
HAS DONE YOU A GREAT
HONOR, GENTLEMEN!
YOU'RE TO JUDGE THE
ANNUAL BEAUTY
CONTEST!

GREAT GUNS! THE LAST GUYS WHO
JUDGED THAT WERE RUN OUT OF
TOWN ON A RAIL! THE LOSERS
MOBBED THEM!

T-THANKS, MRS.
POTTS, B-BUT WE
CAN'T! I'VE GOT
TO LEAVE
TOWN!

ME,
TOO!

BUT YOU MUST!
YOU'RE THE ONLY
TWO I HAVEN'T
ASKED, AND ---

HAVE
YOU
ASKED
BRAGG?

YEAH!
HE'S THE
VERY
ONE---
SAYS
SO
HIMSELF!

YOU MEAN
THAT---
THAT
LOAFER?

LOAFER? WHY HE'S
THE GREATEST JUDGE
OF BEAUTY IN THE
STATE! HE HELPED
ZIEGFELD PICK
HIS CHORUS!

BRAGG'S
YOUR MAN!
NO DOUBT
ABOUT
IT!

WELL-L-L---

OH, WILL! WHAT
WAS THAT YOU
WERE SAYING
ABOUT BEING A
GREAT JUDGE
OF BEAUTY?

WHY--- ER---
BARRUMPH!
YES, OF
COURSE
I AM!

YOU SEE, MRS.
POTTS? WILL'S
PERFECT
FOR THE
JOB!

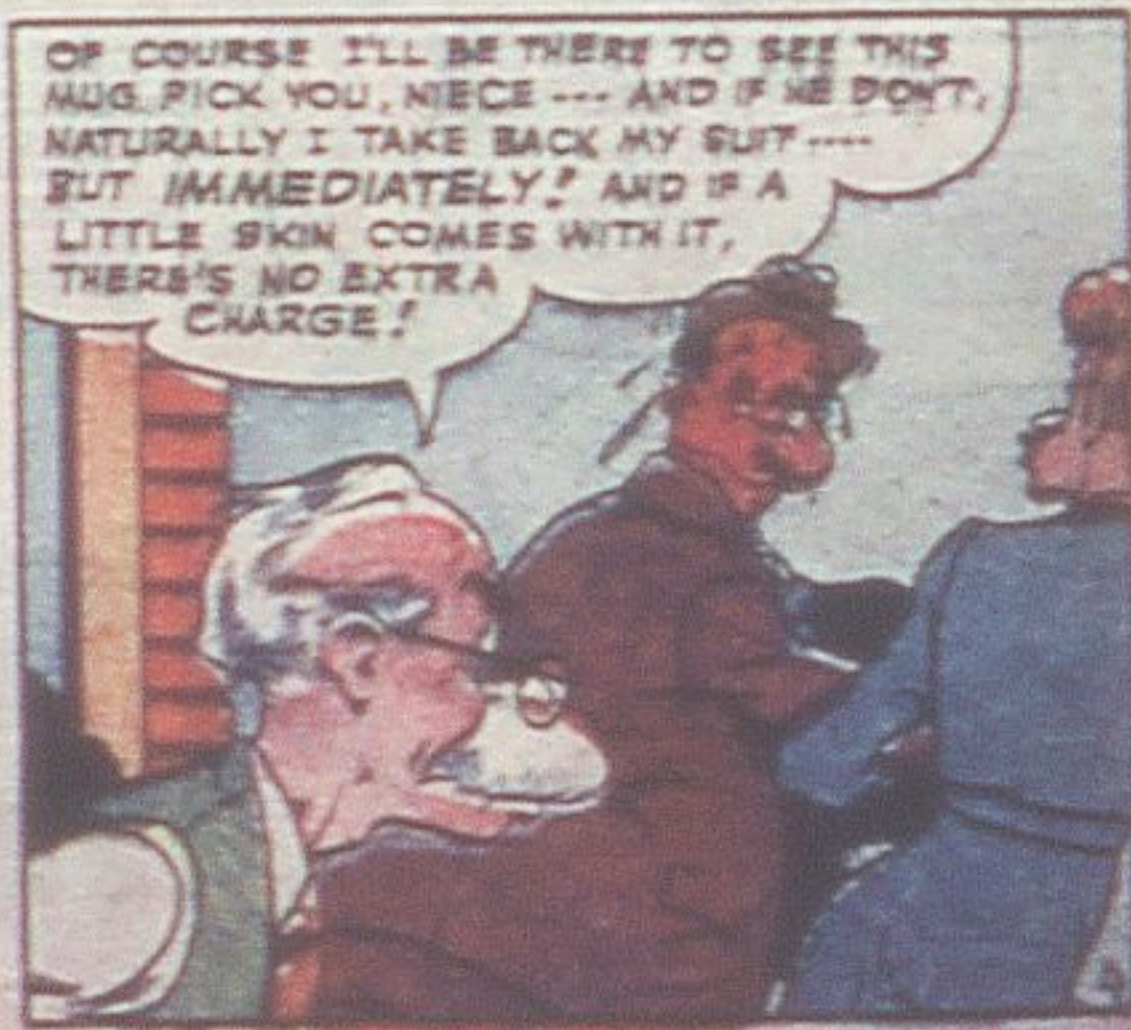
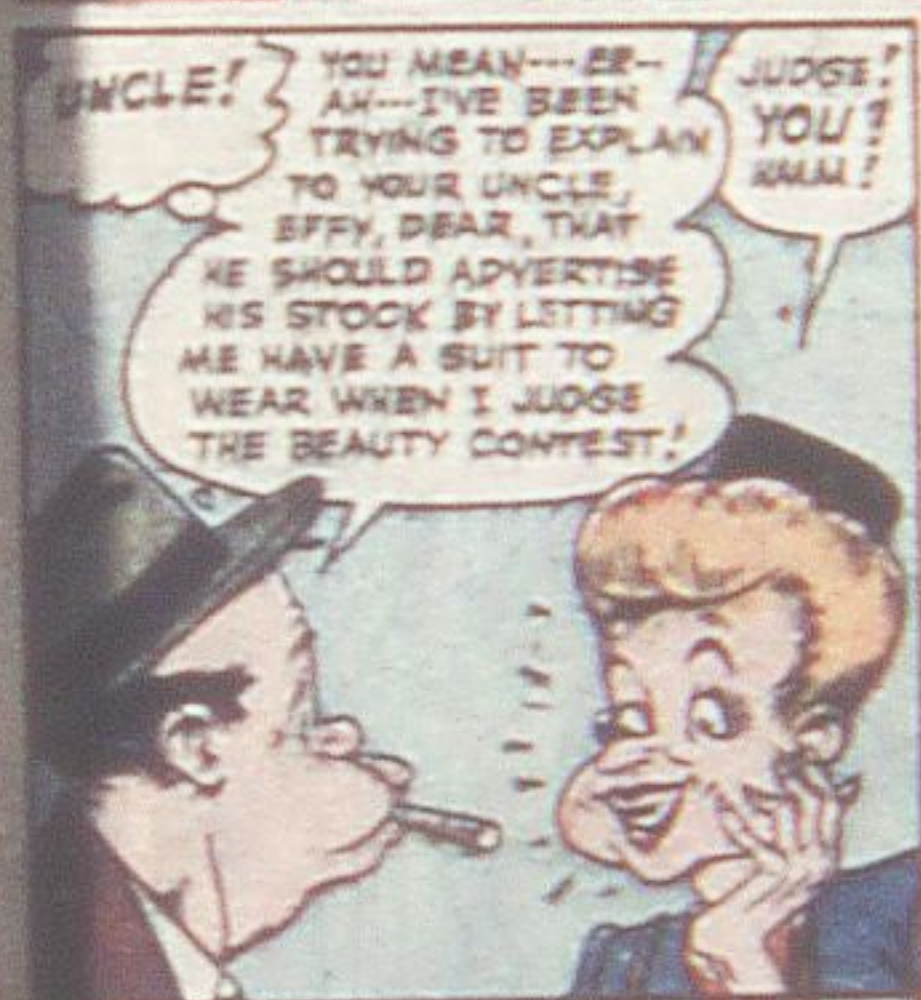
AND AFTER ALL HE'S TOLD
US, I KNOW HE WOULDN'T
DREAM OF REFUSING!

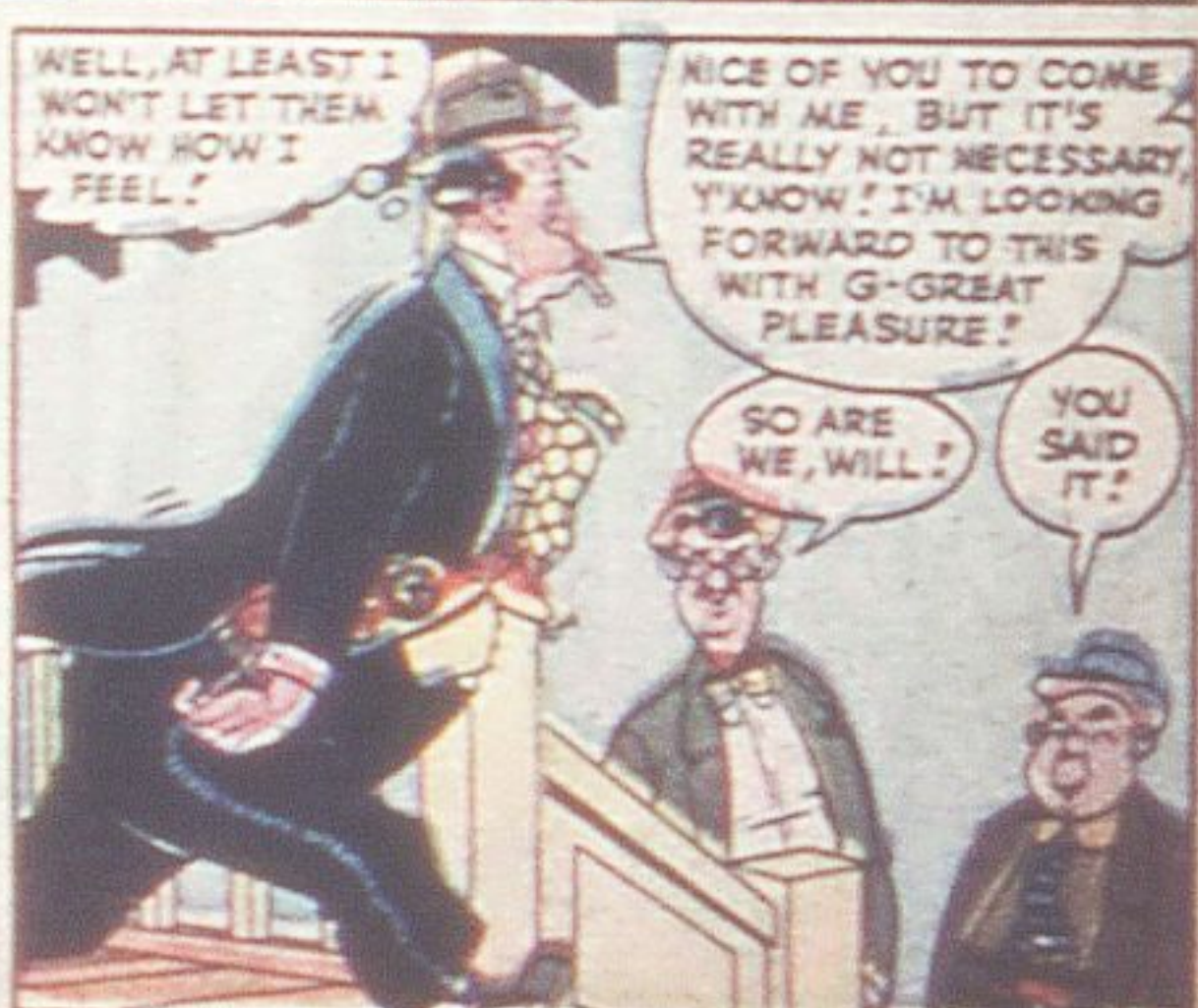
HEA--?

MR. BRAGG, YOU HAVE
BEEN CHOSEN TO JUDGE
OUR ANNUAL BEAUTY
CONTEST!

AND WE'LL ALL BE
THERE TO ROOT
FOR YOU, WILL!
CONGRATULATIONS!







RIGHT THIS WAY,
JUDGE BRAGG!
HOW DISTINGUISHED
YOU LOOK!

WONDER WHAT WILL'S GOT
UP HIS SLEEVE? HE LOOKS
AWFULLY SELF-CONFIDENT!
BE JUST LIKE HIM TO PUT
ONE OVER ON US!



MAYBE I CAN
CHOOSE SOMEONE
ELSE AND DUCK
BEFORE
UNC---

ULP!
WHERE---

OKAY, BUB!
THE FUN'S
OVER--NAME
THE WINNER!
AND IT BETTER
BE EFFY!

I H-HEREBY AW-WARD
THE PRIZE TO MISS
EFFY GISSEL!

CHEAT!

FRAUD!

KILL
HIM!



GOT TO
GET AWAY,
QUICK---

MRS.
POTTS---
D-D-D---

YOU WONDERFUL
MAN! HOW
BRILLIANT OF
YOU TO PICK
A MATURE
BEAUTY---
LIKE US!

I KNOW YOU'LL
WANT TO THANK THE
BEST JUDGE WE'VE
EVER HAD ---
WILL BRAGG!

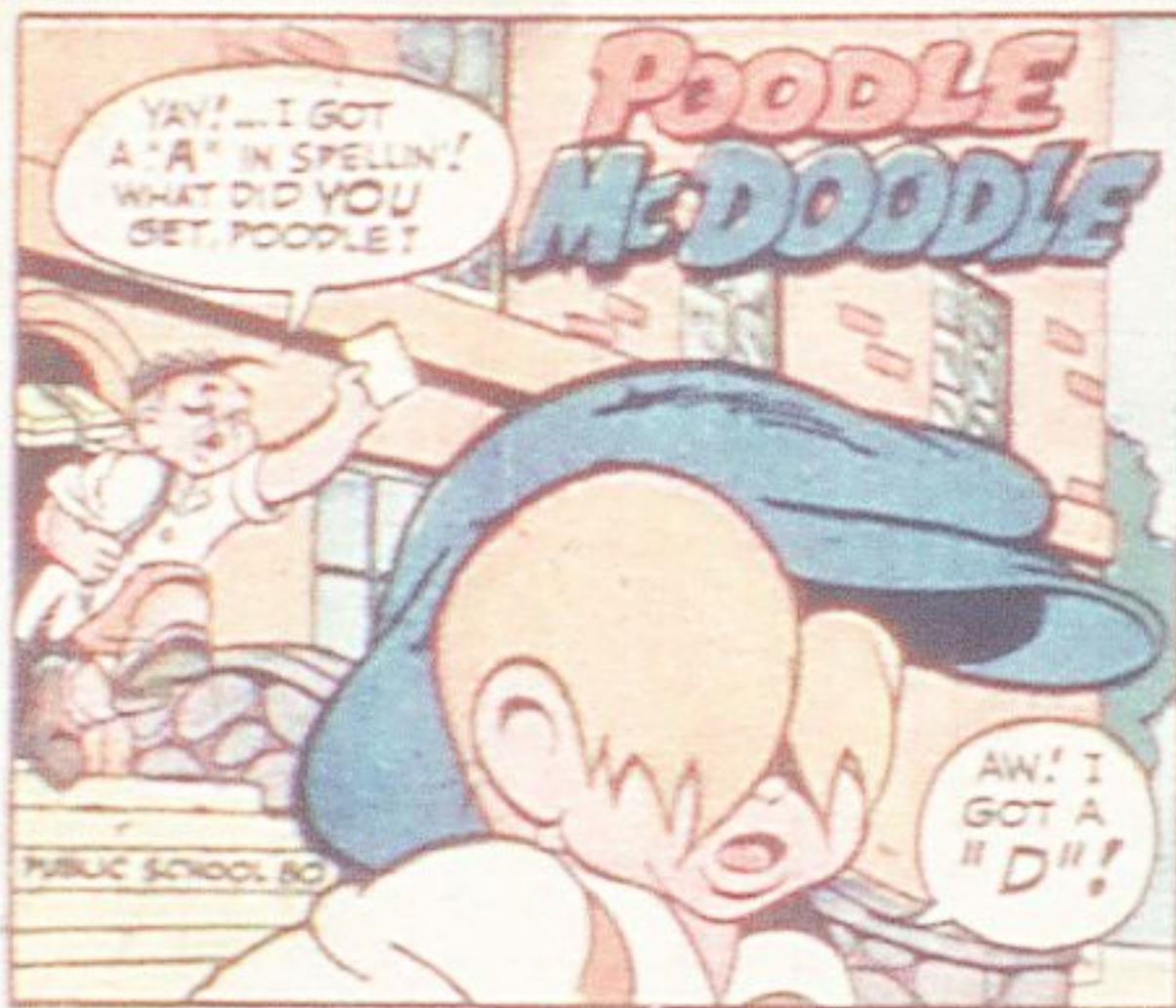
HOORAY!

OH, MR. BRAGG, YOU'RE SO
CLEVER! I KNOW YOU
CHOSE THAT OLD
HAG TO SHOW
YOU REALLY
WANTED ME,
BUT COULDN'T
OFFEND THE
OTHERS!

ONLY
HE MEANT
ME!

THAT
GUY WOULDN'T
KNOW A
BEAUTY FROM
A BEAST!



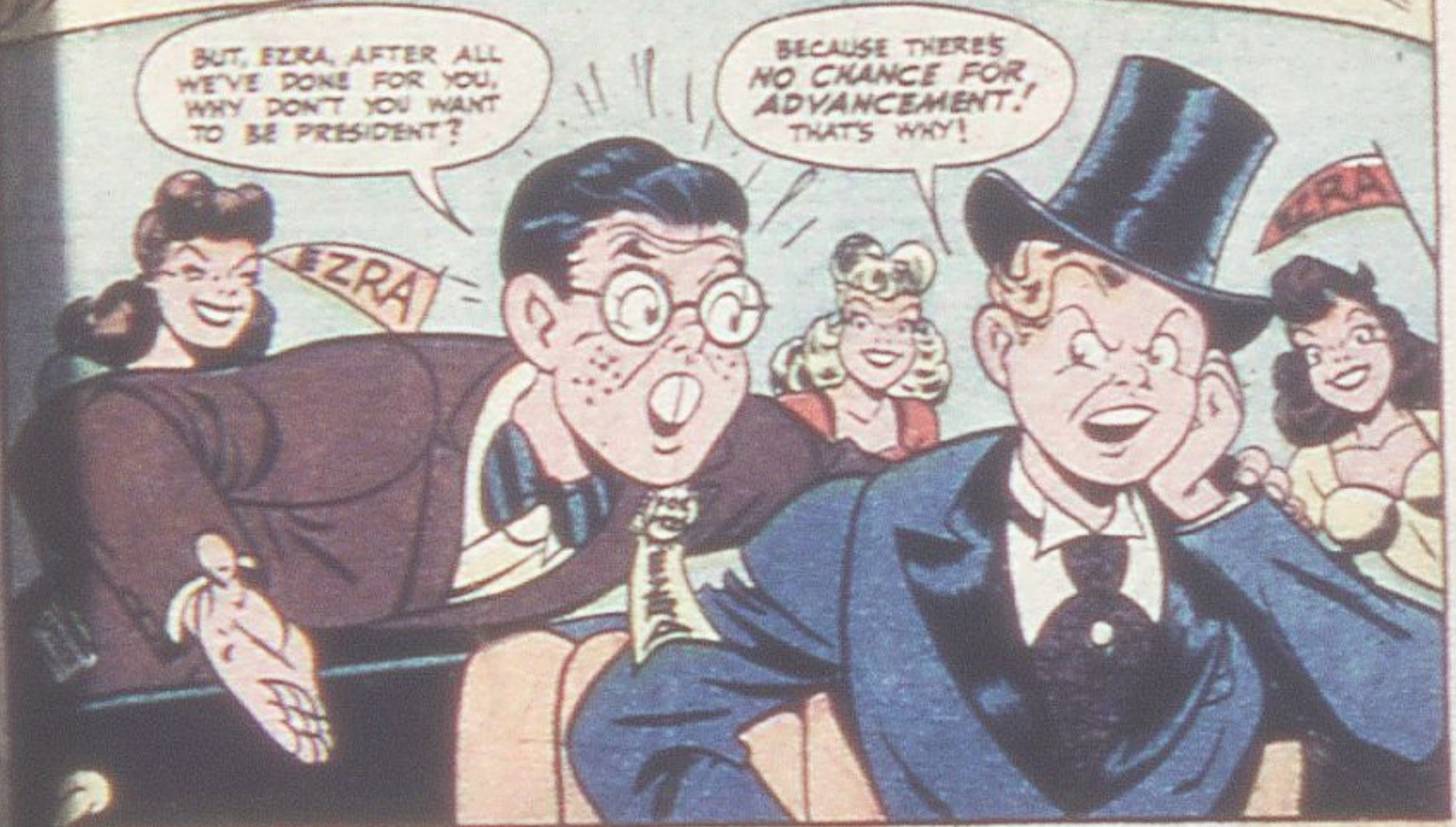


EZRA

FOR PRESIDENT

BUT, EZRA, AFTER ALL
WE'VE DONE FOR YOU,
WHY DON'T YOU WANT
TO BE PRESIDENT?

BECAUSE THERE'S
NO CHANCE FOR
ADVANCEMENT!
THAT'S WHY!



HEY, M'KUNKEL!
WHERE'S EZRA?
I GOTTA SEE
HIM FAST!

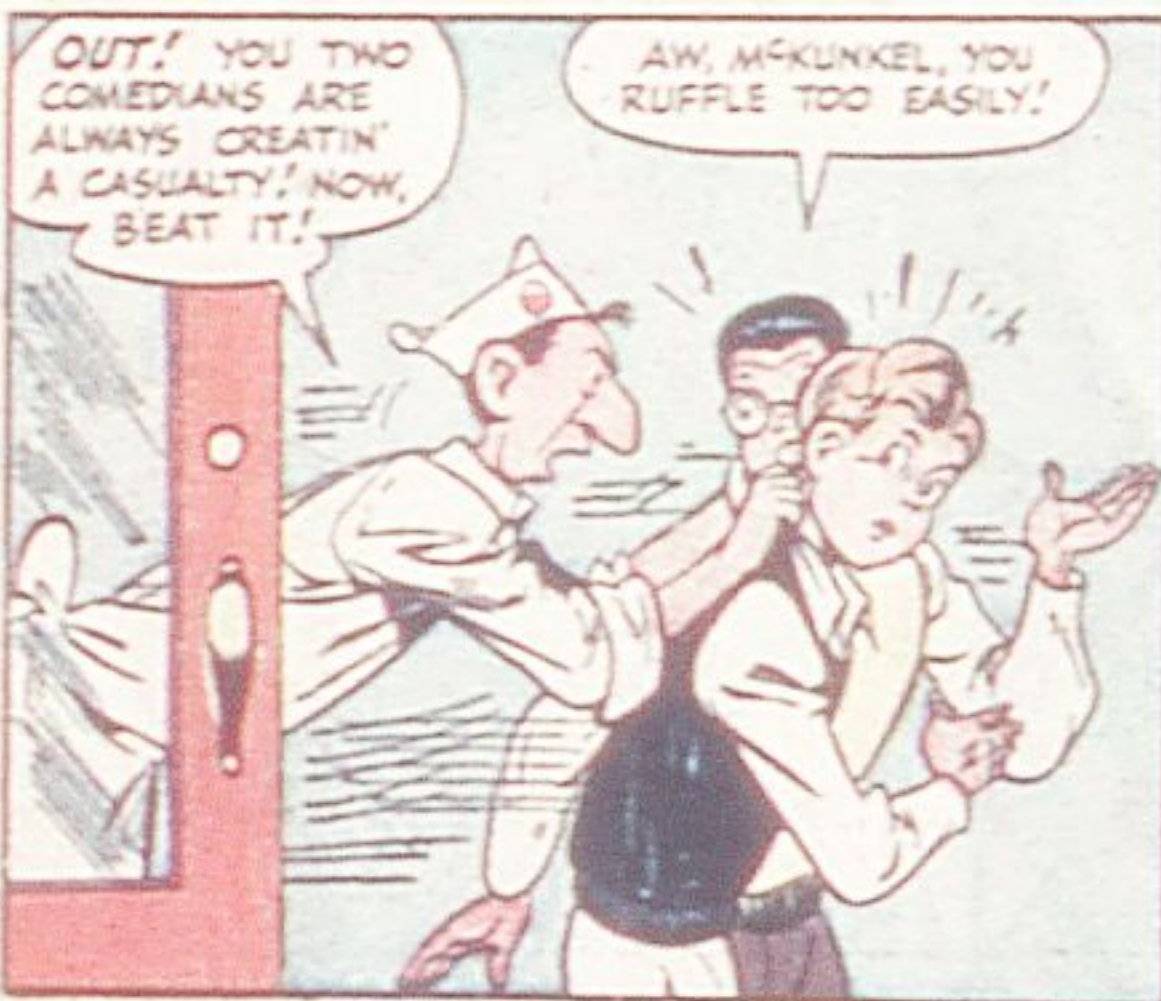
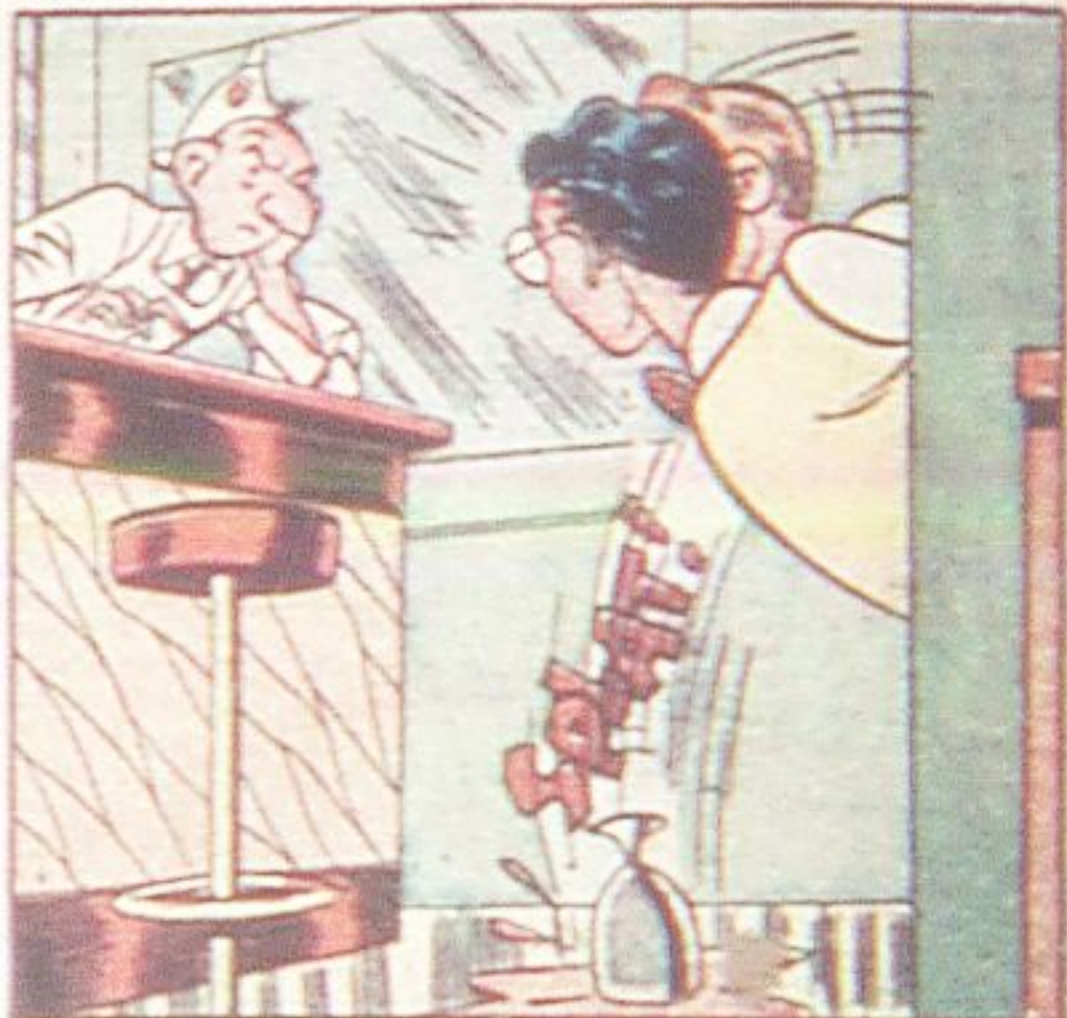
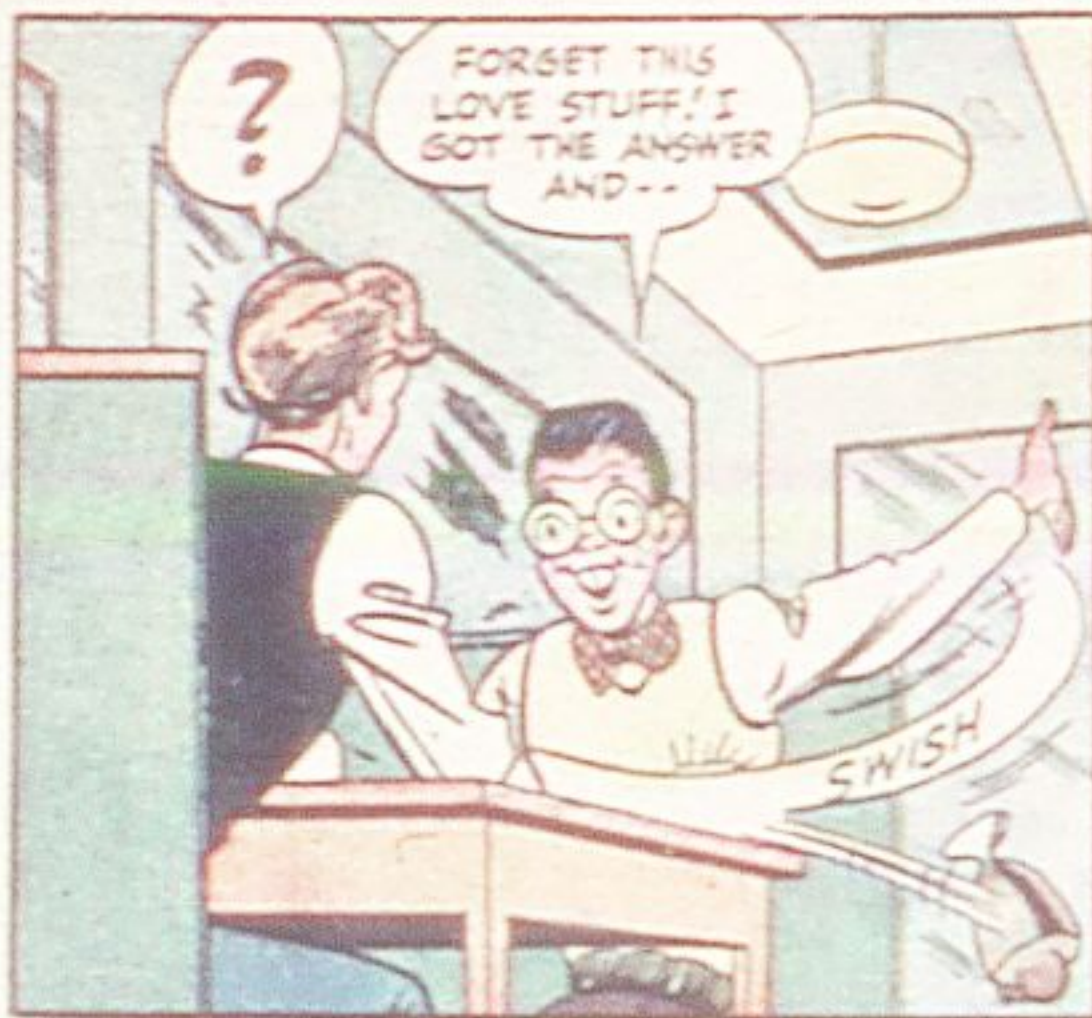
THE THINKER
IS YONDER!



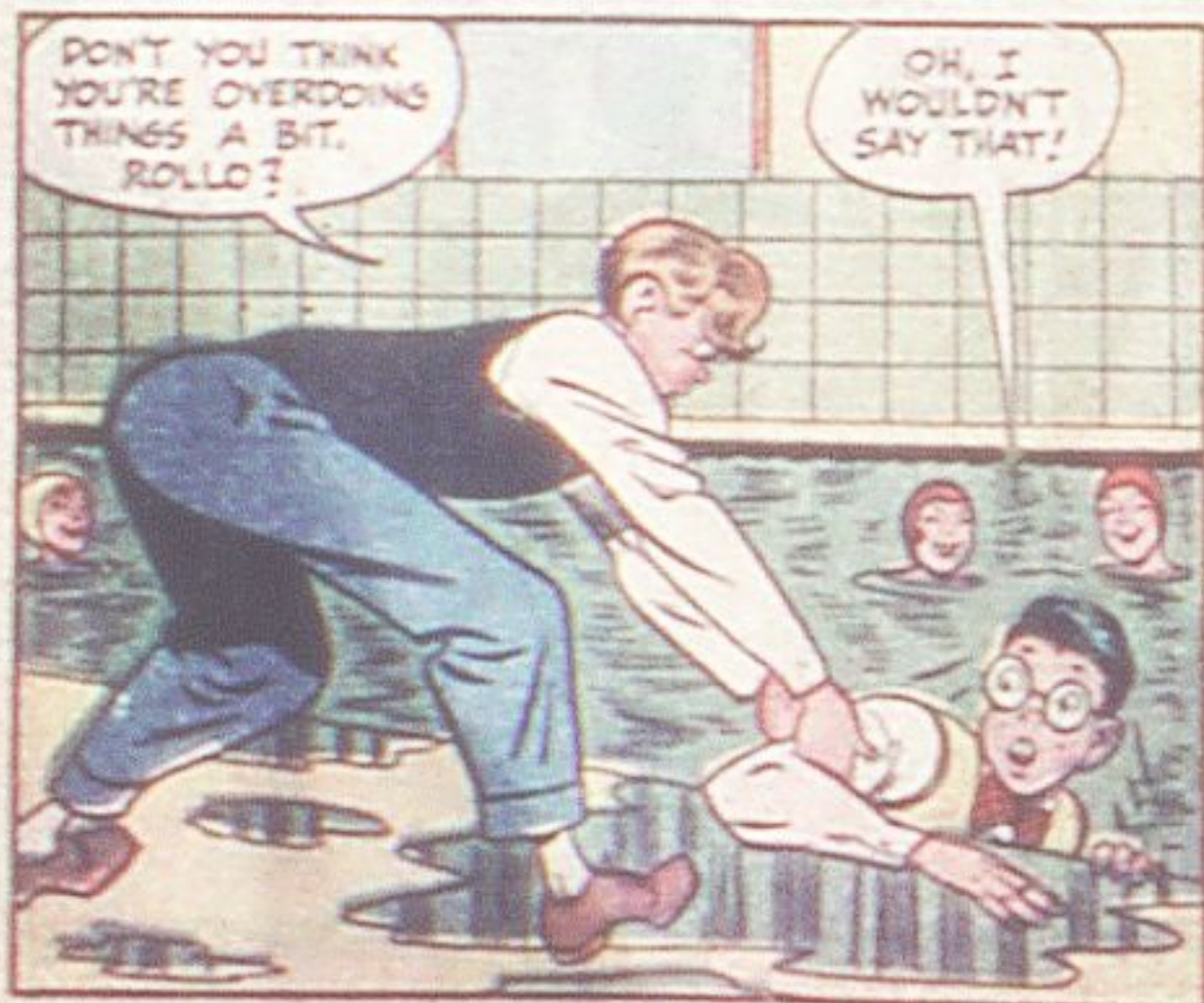
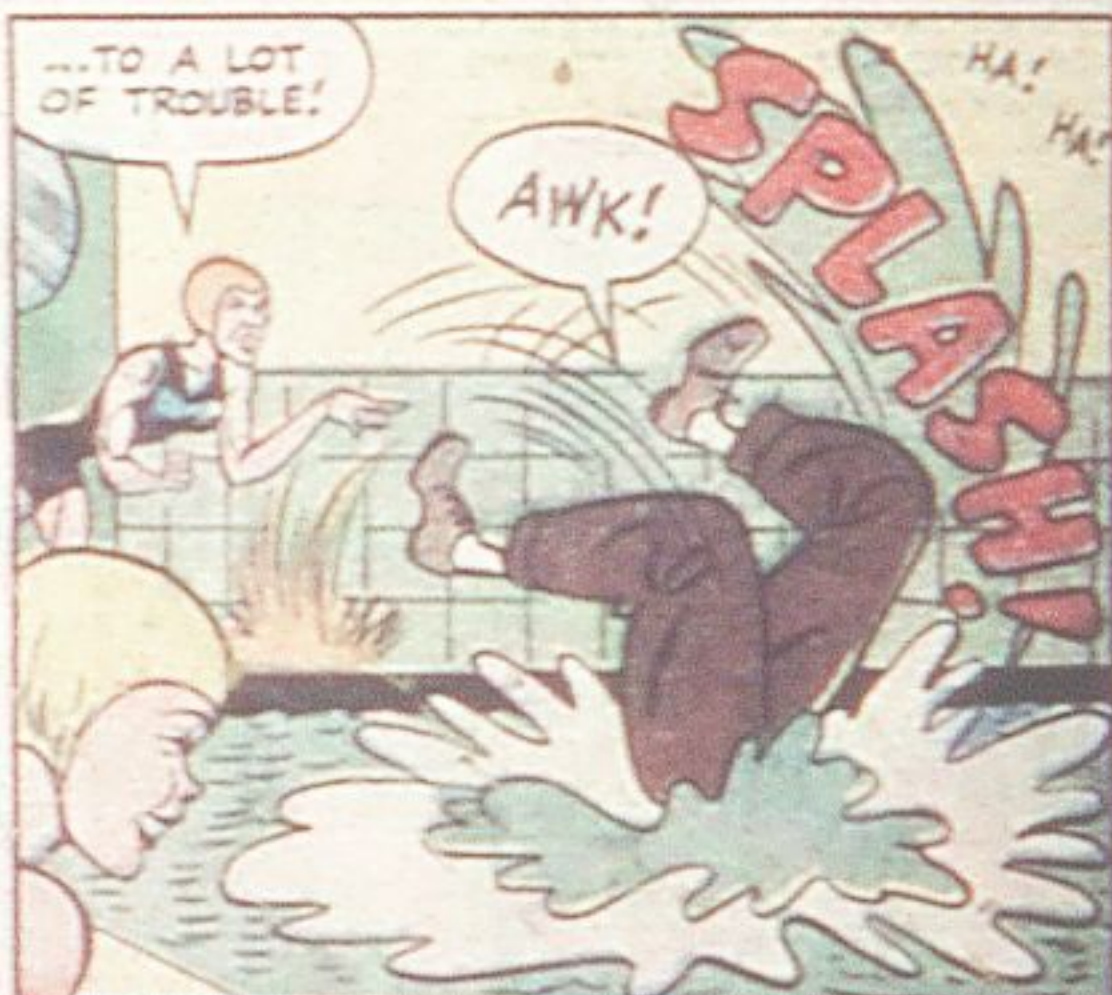
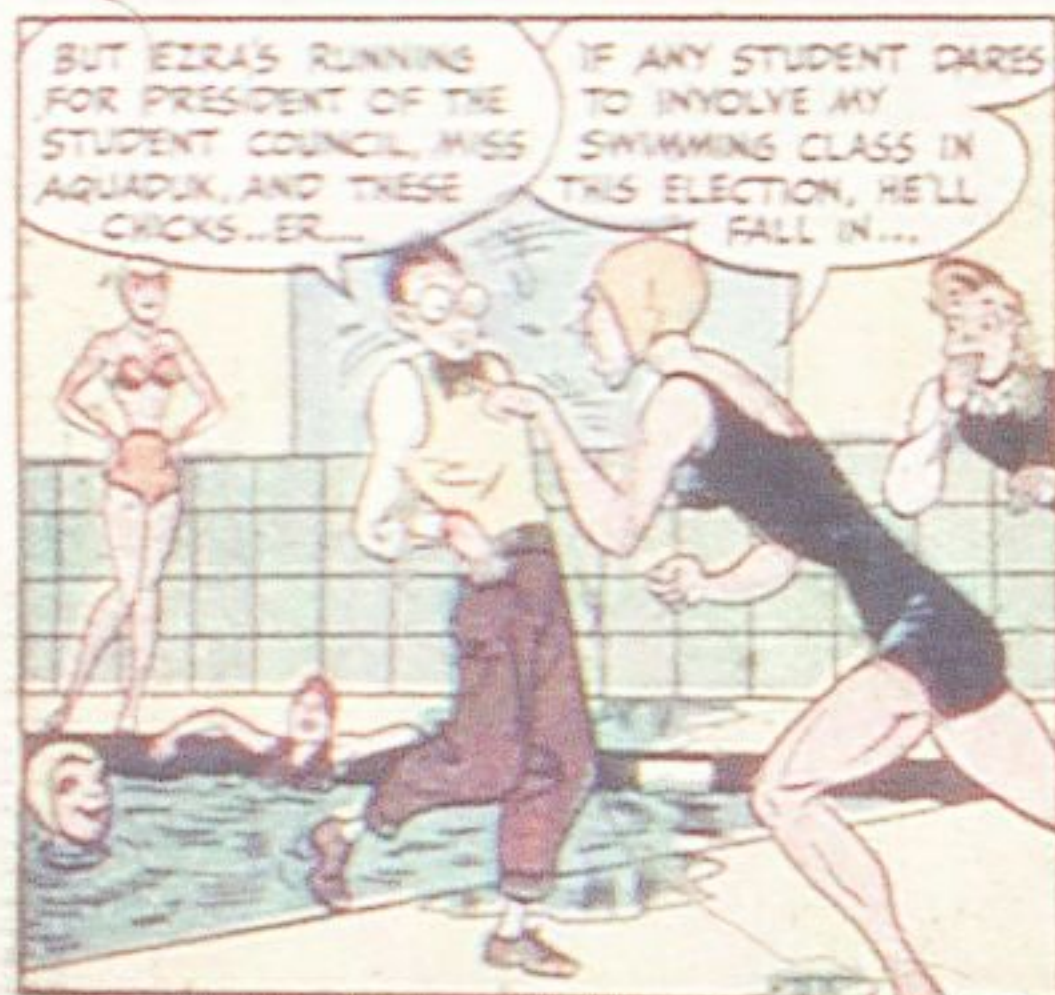
HEY, COME OUT OF IT,
EZRA! I GOT
SENSATIONAL
NEWS! BUT
COLOSSAL!

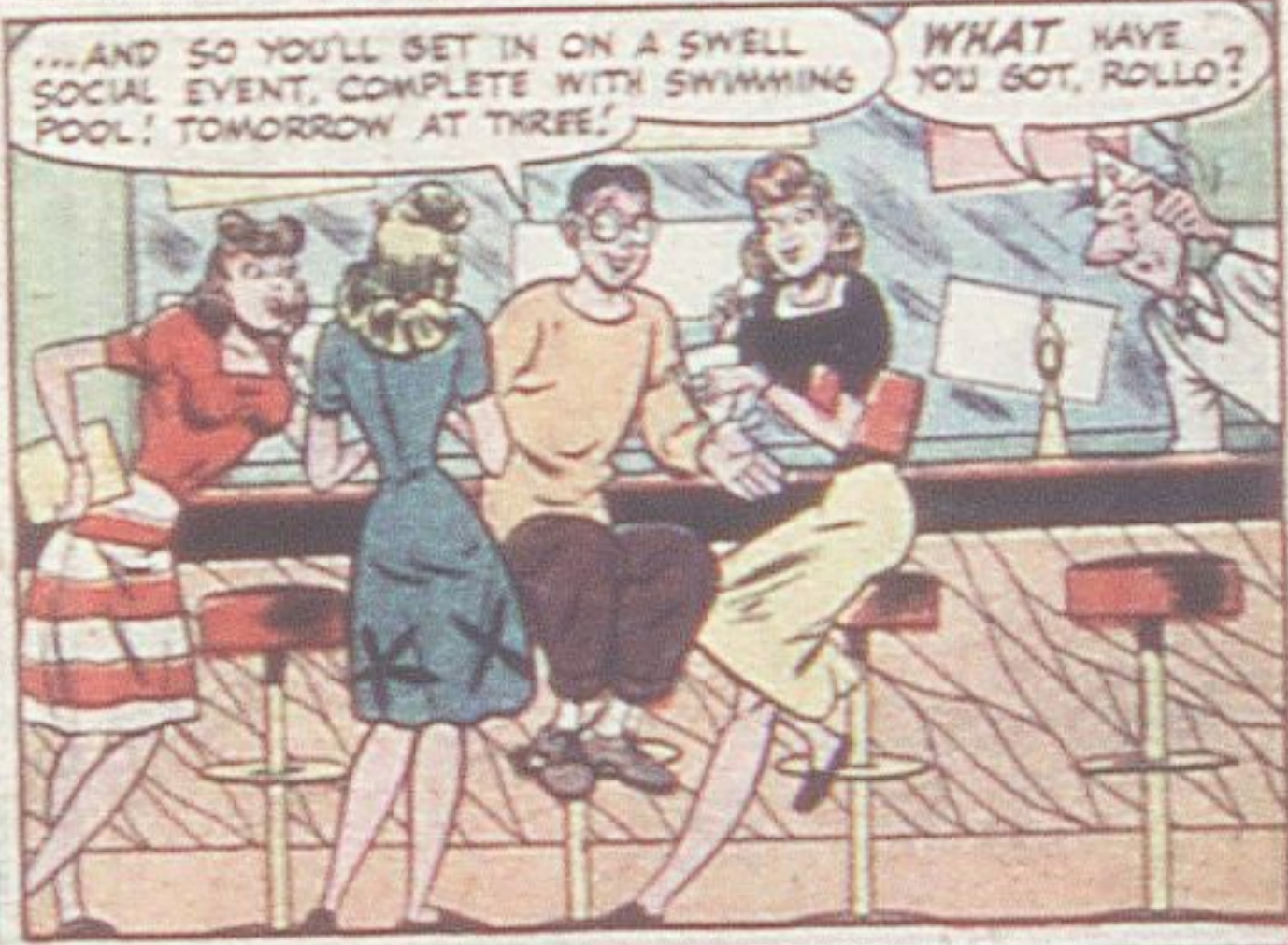
ROLLO,
TODAY I
AM A SAD
APPLE!
MYRNA AND
I ARE
JIVING!



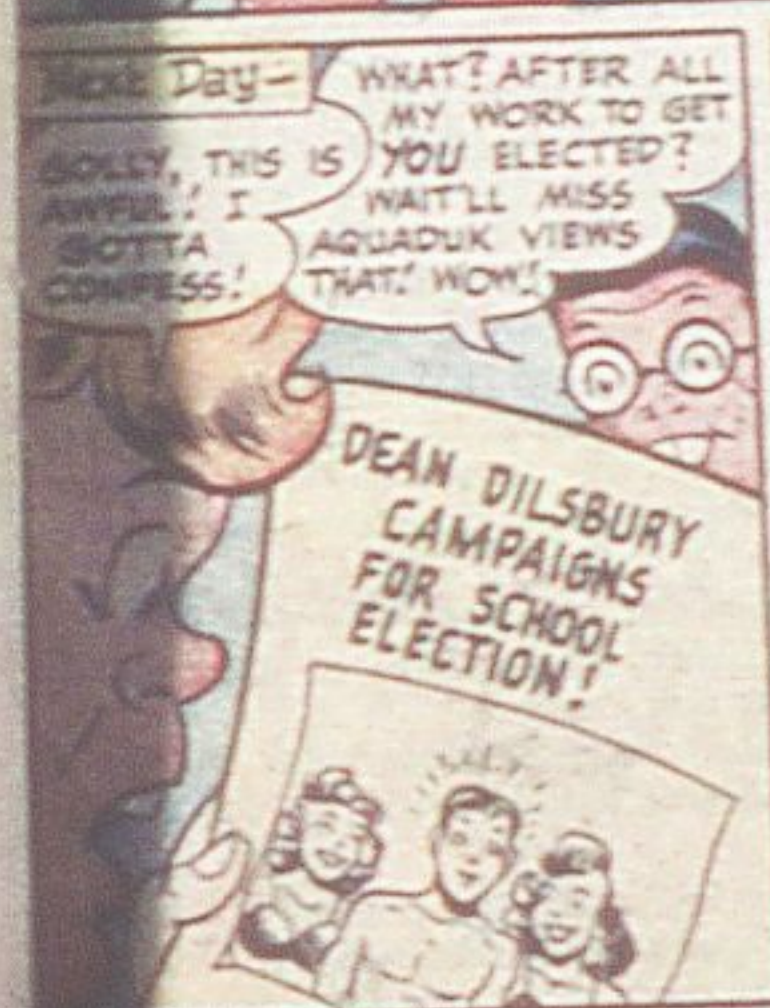












The CONQUERER

In a huge cave situated in a far distant mountain range on the other side of the world, five men sat deep in conversation. Each of them was famous in some capacity: engineering, chemistry, explosives, etc. Their leader was a whiskered giant of fifty, with deep-set eyes and the look of a world-shaker. His name was Bir der Mok. A strange name—and a strange man.

Bir der Mok sat in an easy chair in the cave, but he didn't sit easily. He leaned forward, with the expression of a fanatic—or a fiend—on his heavy, broad face.

"It is as I have said," he told the four men grouped around him. "We have the world in the hollow of our hands. We have only to give the people a few simple proofs of our genius and might—and then we take over. Like that, gentlemen! There is no resistance against a thing that is irresistible. . . . Now shall we go into the laboratory and send off another mission?"

The four men who had been listening tensed, and then one of them got up with a strained expression.

"What if they discover a melter, as it were?" he asked.

"A melter?" repeated Mok. "Ah, that is a good term. I shall remember that. A melter, huh!"

The tense member of the group didn't relax. "And if they find a melter," he went on, "what then?"

Bir der Mok changed expression. He became a cold, hating creature of iron visage. "They will not find a melter, as you call it," he said. "Now come on, and forget that silliness!"

The five men trudged down a long ramp which ended in a fair-sized hangar space. There were three high-powered planes parked on the floor. Three of the men detached themselves from the group and crawled into the planes.

Bir der Mok said, "There go three more emissaries of doom, to proclaim a frozen world to this silly race that thinks itself inviolate; that thinks itself God's gift to mankind! . . . Tell those pilots to spread their fear-message over a wide area this night!"

The planes roared out of the hangar. They were equipped to fly high, far into the stratosphere. They quickly gained altitude, until they were no longer visible from earth.

Bir der Mok and the remaining member of the strange party settled down in a small apart-

ment near the hangars, prepared to wait. Mok's companion sat at a powerful radio, earphones on. He would get the messages the three pilots sent in.

Bir der Mok grinned evilly. "These eternal fools," he said. "With all the plane crashes they are having, you'd suppose they'd give up; or try to find out the cause. But no, they keep the public fed on pap: flying is the safest travel. Ah yes, it is safest—if their planes don't freeze solid!"

One of the three fliers spotted a transport an hour later, the flight between Seattle and Chicago. He was flying five thousand feet above the well-filled transport. He pressed a small lever, releasing a cloud of strange intensity. The cloud lowered, engulfing the transport. The pilot was blinded. Instantly the windshield became covered with ice. The wings grew terribly heavy. The propeller became weighted with a thick white covering.

"Good gosh," he said to the co-pilot, "I can't figure what's wrong but we're bucking something I never ran into before. Solid ice. Everywhere! We're going to crash, unless we can find a field."

"A field!" cried the co-pilot. "My gosh, Tony, you're crary! There isn't a field in a hundred miles! . . . What the matter?"

Tony, the pilot, was fumbling with the controls. The plane was listing badly. It was going into a spin.

"She's ice-heavy," said the pilot. "Warn the passengers and get a chute on, kid. I guess this is it."

That plane and its passengers were all lost. The newspapers of the following day carried the story. Not only that plane, but five others, of five different lines over the country. It was the worst catastrophe the world of aviation had ever chalked up.

Since none of the passengers, nor the pilots, had survived, there was considerable talk about the wrecks. Speculation. Guesses. Bad stuff for the airlines. Several newspaper editorial writers played it up, comparing it to the numerous train wrecks.

The airline officials made haste to contact the only organization that had a chance of finding out the true cause of the wrecks, which was known in inside circles to be something out of the ordinary.

That organization was the Blackhawks, mysterious group that had its headquarters on Blackhawk Island, location unknown. Little

enough was known about the Blackhawks, other than that Blackhawk himself was its leader, and that they worked to put down tyranny throughout the world.

Blackhawk received the radio summons with a grin.

"Well, boys," he said, "it looks like we've a nice little job of work ahead of us."

The others heard the details with various reactions.

Stanislaus, the big Balkan, guffawed with a burst of laughter. "What are dey talking about?" he boomed. "Weighted down by snow!"

Andre, the Frenchman, looked at the Balkan. "Mais, what's so funny? Why not weighted down by se snow?"

"Well, tell me how?" yelled the Balkan.

Chuck, the American member, was quiet. "It is not entirely impossible," he said. "Perhaps somebody has invented a snow machine of giant proportions."

"And I suppose," said Olaf, the Scandinavian, "that people can make snow machines that produce snow by the ton and knock down airplanes. If so, I can never heard of such."

Blackhawk had been listening silently. Now he looked up. "It is not impossible," he told them. "I think such a machine could be made. Just how, at this moment I have no idea. . . . That's our job."

Hendrickson, the big Dutchman, coughed. "I think it iss something else, not snow, dot brings dese planes down."

"Yes?" said Blackhawk. "What, Hendrickson?"

"Meppe carelessness," said the Dutchman complacently, rubbing a huge palm over his round red face. "Why not?"

Blackhawk said, "Yes, why not?"

But the leader of the invincible Blackhawks didn't think so. He had another idea altogether. He said nothing about it as they boarded the big plane and took off. Simply, "Let's find the cause of all this trouble, boys."

They flew high, above 50,000 feet, in the very depths of cosmic space. It was blue-dark up there. The earth, seen as a round ball, gleamed a bright gold. It was like a beautiful moon seen from only a short distance.

They had flown two hours when they rammed into a wall of heavy snow. It was no mere flurry, it was a snow storm of huge proportions. Blackhawk had seen others like it. And yet, after they had penetrated the blanket of snow for another hour, he decided that perhaps he had never seen a snow storm just like this one.

Blackhawk became worried. The big plane began to get heavy. The de-icers were slowing down. It was too much work for them. The snow grew heavier on the vast wing surfaces.

"Boys," said Blackhawk, "this is like no snow storm we've ever been in. I think it's the same thing those other planes hit. Somebody is building up this snow."

The crew exchanged odd looks. Someone making the snow! That sounded funny. Who could be making it? And how?

While they flew on, listing badly, a radio report came in that two more planes had fallen because of the dense snow. And then a loud, commanding voice pounded over the in-coming mike:

"To all aviators: ground your planes immediately. We are blanketing the world with snow. You'll all perish—no plane can stand this. This is 'The Conqueror' speaking. You have seen merely a sample of our power. If you persist in flying, you'll be destroyed. Army and Navy take notice. I mean to control world aviation. This is my ultimatum."

"The Conqueror."

Blackhawk stared at the message written down by Chuck, at the radio set. He knew, now, what was up. A crackpot was causing this snow blanket. And Blackhawk knew how he was doing it. He drew a yellow blank of paper to him and wrote this message:

"To all merchants: sell no dry ice to anyone until further notice. This is an Army directive."

The Blackhawk plane cruised for another ten hours. The skies cleared. There was no more snow. No more planes fell because of heavy icing.

Officials at Washington shook hands with Blackhawk and bombarded him with questions, chief of which was: How did you do it? What caused the snow clouds?

"Dry ice," replied the tall leader of the famous organization. "A smart chemist knew that spilling out tons of dry ice on heavy clouds would cause intense rain, which would freeze at high altitudes into snow crystals. It's nothing new. They have been doing it over in Arizona—making rain and snow, too, for the ranchers. Same method."

"You mean, like those farmers have been doing over there?" cried one of the officials.

"Exactly," replied Blackhawk; "only on a larger scale. Multiply anything a few-fold and what have you? A light snowfall becomes a heavy storm. Rain becomes ice—I say, the lad who pulled this is no dumb fellow. He's smart. At least, he's smart in his method."

The officials nodded. "But dumb in his basic idea, eh?"

Blackhawk grinned. "No one is so smart that somebody isn't smarter," he said. "That's why crime doesn't pay—or at least never does for a long stretch; only for a short period, while the criminal's idea is new, and nobody is wise to it."



IS THIS THE PLACE WHERE
YOU'RE SCREENING
PROSPECTS FOR A
NEW PRO-
DUCTION?

RIGHT? WHAT
CAN I DO
FOR YOU?

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
ANYONE DO A FORWARD
FLIP WITHOUT USING
HER HANDS,
MISTER?

N-NO, ER---
THAT IS, NOT
SOBER,
ANYWAY!



GREAT,
EH?

B---
BUT---

HOW'DJA
LIKE IT?

WMMM!

PLOMP!

AND BESIDES, I CAN SING,
DANCE, MIMIC, AND DO
DRAMATIC ACTING! DO
YOU GET THE PART?

YOU'RE
HIRED!

OH, WONDERFUL!
WHAT KIND OF ROLE
IS IT?

IT'S TERRIFIC, NOT
TO MENTION
COLOSSAL! I'LL
DESCRIBE IT
TO YOU!

JUST PICTURE THIS! IT'S THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON AND THE SCORE IS TIED! OLD BORHAM COLLEGE MUST KICK THE WINNING POINT!

I'M SPELLBOUND! PLEASE GO ON!

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE JAMMED IN THE STANDS, WAITING WITH BATED BREATH! YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP!

HOW THRILLING! WHAT PART DO I PLAY?

YOU PLAY ONE OF THE FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE!

WH...?!!

OF ALL THE COLOSSAL NERVE! ME MINGLING IN A MOB! HMMPH!

DANCING, SINGING, ACROBATICS! BAR!

YES, HE WANTED ME TO PLAY A LEADING ROLE—OPPOSITE FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE! CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

THE SCENES WOULD BE A LITTLE CROWDED, BUT FORGET IT, CHOO CHOO!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SHOOTING THE FOOTBALL SCENE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! LET'S WATCH THE FUN, CHERRY!

CHOO CHOO LA MOE, I THINK YOU'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T GET A PART!

I HEAR VOICES, CHOO CHOO! THE BALL FIELD CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A MOB SCENE!





OHHH,
NOT AGAIN!





WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



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JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK
for the
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ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY!

YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?

CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES



IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



AT JONES'S SODA PARLOR



BILLY LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING. AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST, BOBBY



IT'S A CHOP BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



HEARME DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY HE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO



IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs as arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 4944 Struthers 1, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING *The* LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM? WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE TO YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT, HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

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